The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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PROOF OF INFIDELITY.

A Snap Shot of a Recreant Husband and his Paramour.

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ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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WE have some hope of having the Corbett-Jackson mill decided in London next June. Both men display an equal inclination to visit our shores, and as the National Sporting Club will give a purse of £2,000 for the match, it is reasonable to suppose the men will accept, though both may demand an allowance of expense money. The winner would be the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world, and with such a clear title he would rapidly acquire a small fortune by giving exhibitions of his skill.

* * *

THE Harness prosecution has fallen flat. Mr. Hannay decided that there was no probability of a jury convicting the defendants, because when well known persons like Miss Jessie Bond come forward and say that the treatment for which they paid such large sums has distinctly benefited them, it is impossible to convict those who have provided that treatment of absolute fraud. In truth, quackery is one of the most difficult things to put down. So long as faith and imagination continue to exist, so long will coloured water, bread pills, aloes, electric belts, and the like specifics flourish.

* * *

BILLY PLIMMER and George Dixon can have a £500 purse, providing they will come to London and decide in a ring which is the best man. They have been throwing "mud" at each other in the States for the past six months, and it is high time they should do a little fighting and less talking. No club in the States has made a *bonâ-fide* offer for them to meet; consequently they will have to come here to settle their differences.

* * *

HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

WILLIAM HAINES.

Clever Oarsman, who Challenges G. Bubear.

(With Portrait.)

WILLIAM HAINES, of Old Windsor, is an oarsman who gives promise of ranking amongst our best English scullers. He has offered to row George Bubear, and a match will probably be the result.

JAMES BIRCHALL.

Clever Pugilist, who Managed the Ormonde Club, at Manchester.

(With Portrait.)

JAMES BIRCHALL, clever middle-weight pugilist, manager of the Ormonde Gymnastic Club, Manchester, was born in London 27 years ago.

He was developed as a boxer at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, and after a series of contests, which resulted in his favour, he entered Charley White's 11st competition, at Agricultural Hall, Islington, in 1888, and won first prize.

He was runner up to Alec Burns in a 10st 8lb competition at the Royal Aquarium, in 1889, and later in the same year he won two competitions at that place.

In 1890 he won a consolation competition at Agricultural Hall, defeating Lachie Thompson, of Glasgow, in the final bout.

In 1891 he was beaten by Bill Husbands, but subsequently defeated Husbands in 20 rounds, for £100 a-side, and a purse of £100.

Since then he has beaten Jim Andrews, ex-amateur champion; J. Patridge, Bill Hatcher, Pat Condon, Jem Kendrick, and Arthur Bobbett.

Birchall has conducted the Ormonde Club, which was quite a successful institution, in Manchester.

HE WON THEIR CLOTHES.

A Card Sharp Skins Three Citizens of Money, Furniture, and Clothing.

(With Illustration.)

IT is a wise man who possesses sufficient common sense to avoid indulging in any game at which he is not proficient. In St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., there is a saloon-keeper who imagined he and two of his patrons knew how to play at cards successfully until recently, when an Eastern card sharp struck the town. In play for drinks and cigars the visitor invariably lost and settled without a murmur, exhibiting as frequently as was prudent a roll of bills which made the trio cast aly glances at each other, when finally an innocent game of poker with a half dollar limit was proposed. The card sharp drew them to just the point he desired, and consented with apparent reluctance. It was three conceited fools against a professional, and soon terminated in all the money finding its way into one channel. Not being able to see that they were outclassed, the trio staked their jewellery and other trinkets of value, and finally the clothes they had on their backs were risked and lost. The proprietor ventured part of the furniture, and his favourite pictures which adorned the walls. When the card sharp had won all within sight, he demanded payment in full, compelling the trio to divest themselves of their wearing apparel. Shouldering his winnings he bade them adieu, gently warning them to avoid card playing in future with strangers. The victims clamoured about the store to keep warm, and there remained till daybreak, when a customer dropped in and he was immediately dispatched to their respective homes to secure sufficient clothing that they might be released from their trying position.

COME, BIRDIE, KISS YOUR BABY.

An Onerous Union Prevented by a Timely Discovery.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MEN who desire to save themselves from disappointment should leave intoxicating beverages severely alone, at least until such times as they are free from important engagements. A striking illustration was shown the other day, when the bridegroom failed to put in an appearance at the time appointed for a marriage service. He was to marry an estimable young lady of affluence, and hied himself to the great metropolis to procure a ring which he was to place on the bride's finger. The temptation to indulge in a glass of wine was too strong to withstand. Meeting with jovial companions caused him to taste too frequently of the juice of the grape, and as the hour set for the service approached he sallied forth from the "pub." to wend his way to the appointed place. His condition was such that the police took him in charge, and he was promptly lodged in a cell to sleep off the effects of over-indulgence. The bride, fearful lest some misfortune had overtaken her intended, went in search of the recreant lover. With her father she visited the police-station to gain the desired information, and was led to cell No. —, where she perceived the object of her search, in a maudlin condition. "Come Birdie, kiss your baby," exclaimed the unfortunate, as he beheld the fair maiden. The marriage licence lay on the stone floor, but was rapidly destroyed by the parent, who led his daughter away heartbroken over the disappointment. At the young lady's home there is a picture with its face turned towards the wall, and there is a name that will never be spoken.

NO USE FOR A DISGRACED SISTER.

He refused to Harbour a Child born out of Wedlock.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE greatest loss any young lady can sustain is to sacrifice her virtue, and to produce a child out of wedlock means a disgrace which can never be forgotten. Many unprincipled men make it a point to seek out innocent girls for the sole purpose of ruining them, not caring what the future will mean to the victim. Advices reach us of a family of respectability residing in Scotland, the true facts of which are touching in the extreme.

The family consisted of a widow lady and a son and daughter, both grown up. The young man was the mainstay of the household, and conducted himself in a manner becoming a gentleman. The daughter had several admirers, which she declined, but became intimate with a profligate, who soon caused her ruin. She was in a delicate condition, and, to hide her disgrace, left home. The profligate refused to marry the girl, and when the child was born he deserted the unfortunate young woman. She struggled out an existence till the child fell ill, when she became desperate, and returned home to plead for forgiveness.

She touched her mother's heart, and was allowed to remain. When her brother returned home he declined to become reconciled, and drove his sister and the illegitimate offspring from the house, and would have killed both had not his mother prevented him. As it was, he fired a shot which narrowly escaped the poor girl.

PROOF OF INFIDELITY.

A Snap Shot of a Recreant Husband and his Paramour.

(Subject of Illustration.)

UNLESS a reconciliation is effected a divorce case will soon be heard in the courts, which will produce some substantial and spicy evidence. Living down in the North-Kent district there is a business man who for some time past has led a dual existance. Claims that business detained him was a suitable excuse for keeping late hours, and frequently it was convenient for him to miss the last train home, which forced him to stay in town all night. His better half became suspicious, and, employing detectives, had him shadowed. The guilty husband paid visits to a house in the Boro of London, and the wife was soon notified of the *rendezvous*. The mere fact of her husband calling at a private residence was insufficient proof, so she accordingly engaged rooms at a house near by. It was not many days ere she saw her husband and his paramour embracing each other. Securing a camera she got on the roof day after day, and waited for some sign of the guilty couple. She was, however, rewarded by the pair in embrace at the window, and took a snap shot of the pair. She has their photographs in several compromising positions, and though she lives under the same roof as her husband, they are strangers to each other.

THE SCHEME WORKED.

It Took the Old Man's Dodge to Cut it Short.

(Subject of Illustration.)

HE loved her with the passionate devotion of a man who hasn't a ghost of a show, but doesn't know it.

She had hinted that he was not in it, until her hinter was in need or repairs, but he wouldn't take a hint.

He wouldn't take anything, not even his departure.

One night, when the clock was so tired it could scarcely raise its hands, he ventured to put the matter to a final test and ask her to be his.

She felt the impending doom, but could not escape it, and she nerved herself for the shock.

"Miss Celeste," he twittered, persuasively, "I'm clean gone on you."

That was his preliminary, and he used the familiar colloquial style, as a strategic General deploys skirmishers before the real battle begins.

She looked far over his head into the dreamy fields of vacancy.

"On me?" she said in questioning cadence. "On me? What's the matter with 'from me?'"

Then his heart broke, and she thought it was a suspender button losing its grip. She feigned illness, and sat down on the sofa. He got beside her to hasten the matter, and was renewing his proposition, when her father, clad in night clothes, opened the door and informed the young man that the gas was put out and the dog unchained at eleven p.m.

The ambitious lover quitted the premises, and now when he calls the young lady is never at home to him.

DAN CREEDON,

Australian Middle-Weight, who Challenges the World at 11st.

(With Portrait.)

DAN CREEDON, the Australian Middle-Weight now in the United States, is open to meet any man in the world at 11st. He has made several attempts to get on a match with Bob Fitzsimmons, but failed, because the latter is unable to arrange a fight until he secures a separation from his wife. Creedon is open to fight Pritchard in England for a suitable purse and a side bet of £1,000 or more. He is a clever two-handed fighter, thoroughly game, and not afraid to meet any middle-weight in the world. He is backed by Col J. D. Hopkins, a theatrical manager in the United States.

WILLIAM BROMLEY,

"Ruff" of Nottingham.

(With Portrait.)

ONE of the old timers who still exists is William Bromley, "Ruff" of Nottingham. He was born in Cross Key Yard, Mansfield, Nottingham, October 2, 1830. He is 5 feet 6 inches, and usually fought at 8st 4lb. His first battle of importance was in 1849, when he beat Jack Bacon, a local light weight, for £10. He then beat in succession Brisley, for £10 a-side; Necker, for £5 a-side—both of Northampton. Dave Thompson, of Leicester, at Gedling Lane, Nottingham, for £5 a-side; Stanton, the brick lad, for £25 a-side; Peter Flynn, for £10 a-side; and "Slush" Needham, for £10 a-side—all of Sheffield; Tom Dexter, for a small stake; Jemmy Rawlins of Hull, for £25 a-side, fought near Lindrick Common, Worksop, fourteen rounds in 45 minutes. "Ruff" has contested nineteen pitched battles altogether, and has only been beaten on one occasion, and that was in a contest with Jemmy Curley, of Stalybridge, for £15 a-side, and lasted 1¾ hours.

"Ruff" still resides in Nottingham, and is a costermonger, being in good health. He is well liked by the fraternity of that vicinity.

THEY TURNED THE HOSE ON.

Tramps Treated to Cold Water for Stealing a Ride.

(Subject of Illustration.)

JUST as a freight train on the Atchison road was pulling into Santa Fe, New Mexico, the other day, the guard noticed something move in one of the large drain pipes on flat car No. 1386. He had been troubled a great deal of late with tramps, who would lie in the trucks, and occasionally conceal themselves in the box cars breaking the seals. It being extremely cold weather, the guard secured a hose which threw off a powerful stream, and had his brakeman do the same. Turning on the water, he sent a stream into one of the pipes, and as the tramp emerged from the opposite end the brakeman saluted him with a dose, which forced him back in the pipe again. Three tramps were finally brought to the surface more dead than alive, and with several good kicks on the posterior were sent adrift. They will hesitate before [stealing] another ride on that road again.

HE OBJECTED TO TIGHTS.

An Irate Father orders his Daughter to Clothe Herself Properly.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A Dublin correspondent says: "A vocalist was given quite a take-down here a few evenings since. Whilst she was doing her turn on the stage in tights her father arose in the pit and ordered her to clothe herself properly. It created considerable amusement amongst the audience and the artist never finished her turn that night."

HE STOOD THE GAFF DEEP.

Loss of Blood Weakened the Man into Giving In.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"A NOVEL contest was decided in a club-room in Lancashire the other day," says a correspondent, "the competitors being a gamecock and a man. On a raised platform the pair were prepared for the battle, the conditions of which were that the man by hitting the gamecock should make the bird turn tail, or kill him to win. Much betting was the result, the bird fanciers laying slight odds on their choice. The gamecock, when shown, went immediately to work, and for five minutes lively scratching was indulged in by both. The man knocked the bird over repeatedly, but could not seem to lay him out. He got some ugly jabs in the arm and the blood flowed freely. After twenty minutes' fighting the man was forced to quit, being weakened by the loss of blood. The gamecock lost a few feathers, but otherwise appeared fresh."

STAGE TALK.

The authorities in Boston and New York have put a stop to the "Kouta-kouta" dance, on the grounds of its bordering on immorality. In the United States the laws are rather peculiar. It is not safe for a theatrical manager to permit an actress

To Show Her Legs,

or his licence is liable to be endorsed.

The fanatics on morality frequently carry their ideas to extremes, because works of art are often kept from public view on account of their silly notions. I presume it will soon reach a point where the religious crank will demand the theatrical manager to drape paintings of

Famous Actors.

Flash posters of female burlesque artists are not tolerated on bill-boards in many of the large cities of the States.

* * *

Miss Rosina Vokes (Mrs. Clay) died from dropsy at her residence, Ivy Cottage, Beach Road, Babbicombe, on January 27, after a very painful illness. Her husband was with her at the time, and the body was removed January 30 to London for interment. Mrs. Clay took Ivy Cottage for a term of years, being enamoured of the district. She yearly visited America, and generally returned to Babbicombe during the summer months. This year, however, she came back earlier than usual on account of the state of her health. She was very charitable towards the poor, and was a great favourite amongst the fishing fraternity, who will considerably feel her loss.

* * *

At the Royal Holborn Music Hall Nelly Farrell and Pat Carney are doing

Irish Business,

which takes very well with the public. However ancient an Irish song or dance may be it always revives enthusiasm amongst those who hail from the land where the shamrock grows.

* * *

There was rather a serious accident at the Dublin Gaiety Theatre, January 29. While two of the girls performing in the ballet were in a dressing-room at the rear of the theatre, the strong gale which was blowing brought down an adjacent chimney. It crashed through the roof of the dressing-room, burying both young women in a mass of bricks, mortar, and slates, and inflicting severe injuries upon them. They were carried to Mercer's Hospital.

After a great deal of legal argument the French breach of promise case has been concluded. The court was astonished by counsel announcing that a compromise had been effected. M. Trousselle père offered the plaintiff £5,000, that is to say half the sum claimed. Here Maitre Bourdillon, representing the actress, said that the offer had already been made and had been accepted by his client; but M. Trousselle père

Suddenly Changed his Mind.

Counsel also went on to say some very sharp things about the defendant and his family, and declared that the money had been wrung from them by the force of public opinion. The matter was then settled, and the Court rose amid a scene of considerable excitement.

* * *

Sandow, the strong man, who is exhibiting in New York, has publicly announced his engagement to Miss Blanche Burns, of London. Sandow had many female admirers in America, and it is likely that

Many Tears will be Shed

when the bride receives congratulations. It was at one time reported that Sandow was to marry Lillian Russell, then his name was linked with others; but the announcement will set at rest all rumours for the future.

* * *

Nelson descended from his monument February 1 in a new and strange quarter. Mr. Charles Godfrey, the comedian, was summoned by a butcher of Brixton at Lambeth, to show cause why he should not pay £12 13s. 9d., amount due for meat supplied to him. Said the judge in chilly accents, "The debtor has been committed at this Court before."—Mr. Walker (for the butcher): That is so. But we only want our money, and will take £2 per month.—The Judge: Yes, take your order for that amount, and, in default of payment, defendant will be committed to prison for twenty-one days.

"TAKE DOWN YOUR PANTS."

"Cyclone Kit; or, the Young Gladiator" has led two of his disciples into serious trouble. The whirlwind gentleman was, it appears, a daring young highwayman who defied Scotland Yard and Pinkerton's detectives combined, and lived on other people's purses. He was the idol of two lads in Highgate named John Baker and John Stanmers. They always carried the record of his life, well-thumbed and beautifully unbound, in their pockets, and recently determined to imitate his exploits. But they found the reality very different from the romance. Instead of riding away on a cyclone with the four purses and six silk handkerchiefs which they had stolen from shops near Highgate Archway, they found themselves before an officer at the police-station, who calmly said, "Take down your pants." It was a trying moment for two followers of the dashing Kit. The idea of such an indignity had never arisen. But they took them down, and only appreciated what the aftermath of a cyclone really meant when they attempted to sit down after the last of the six strokes had been administered. Stanmers was then allowed to go home, with mind and epidermis thoroughly disillusionised; but Baker was ordered by the magistrate at the North London Police Court to think for a month over his follies in goal. In addition to the life of Kit, he had in his pocket a sensational story called "The Locked Valley." He is now in it in reality.

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS

No Team to Visit England till 1898.

Will Lord Sheffield take an English Team There?

A Sydney correspondent writes: The annual meeting of the Australasian Cricket Council was held on December 28 in Melbourne, Mr. R. W. Best in the chair, when Mr. V. Cohen read a report on the tour of the eighth Australian team. It dealt with the play and the personal troubles of the members of the team.

There is no doubt but that the members of the last eleven did not conduct themselves as they should have done, and more injury has been done cricketing, owing to their misconduct, than can be repaired in the next few years. What makes it much worse is the fact that Mr. Cohen will persist in making public his grievances. If he would refrain from making

Such a Loud Cry

about misconduct and dissention, the whole affair would gradually pass off. It has fairly disgusted many of our sportsmen, and the only way to revive interest would be for an English team to come here next season and play a series of matches.

We all know of the intemperance of one of the members, and how he misconducted himself. Had the manager done his duty he would have

Closed the Door on Him.

and I'm quite certain the other members of the team would have sustained his action. The substance of the whole affair is that the men did not reap the harvest they anticipated, and again the manager neglected to keep his books in as satisfactory a manner as he should have done. I don't pretend to say that he committed any dishonest act, but I must acknowledge he might have kept the accounts in detail, which would have set at rest any suspicion on the part of the men that he was hiding transactions interesting to them from the team.

At the meeting at Christmas of the Australian Cricket Council in Melbourne, letters were received from Mr. J. Cresswell and Mr. D. Scott, asking that they should be appointed managers of the next team of Australians to visit England. Mr. Evan moved that consideration of the matter of sending a team to England be postponed until the next annual meeting. Mr. H. H. Budd thought a definite date should be fixed, or they would find themselves in the same position as with the last eleven, being obliged to accept a gentleman as manager whether they approved of him or not. He moved that a team be sent home not earlier than the season of 1898. The motion to postpone consideration of the matter for a year was carried, and it was further decided that the council should have the right of selecting all future teams.

An application for the patronage of the council for a visiting team of Parsee cricketers next season was received. Mr. P. Sheridan pointed out that it was highly probable that Lord Sheffield would take a team to Australia next season. They could hardly have two visiting teams in the same season. Mr. Budd and Mr. Gibson both raised the objection that the council had no official notification as to the visit of an English team next year. Mr. Sheridan said that had he known that a notification at the council table would be insufficient, he would have sent a formal intimation to the effect that an English team would, with the consent of the council, visit Australia next year either under the management of Lord Sheffield or Mr. A. E. Stoddart. Mr. W. Moule said that he had seen a cable message within the last few days referring to the probable visit of an English team, and there could be no doubt but that both to the public and to cricketers—especially young cricketers—an English team would be preferable to a Parsee team. Several other delegates having expressed the same view, it was decided that owing to the probable visit of an English eleven next season, the patronage of the council cannot be given to a Parsee eleven.

HE TERRIFIED THE CONGREGATION.

"The most remarkable sermon I ever heard," said an American, who is visiting London, "was delivered by a coloured preacher in South Carolina, in a slave pen which was being utilised as a church shortly after the war. I happened to drop into this large gathering of coloured people one night, and was informed that a new preacher was about to be tried. The minister arose back of a pulpit that had been improvised from a barrel turned bottom upward, on which was a lighted candle stuck in a bottle. He began to read the Bible, but stumbled at every word, spelling some throughout before pronouncing them. A man in the rear said: 'Go ahead with your sermon,' and the preacher ceased reading. He stood up at full length, and in the dim, flickering light of the lone candle looked more like an apparition than a man. His subject was 'The Judgment.' Here came in that wonderful imaginative quality for which the coloured race is noted. In going about during the war he had become imbued with the military spirit, so he began by giving a vivid word picture of the hosts of heaven lying in their tents asleep the night before the judgment day. Then he worked up to a point where the bugle sounded to prepare for the descent upon the sinful world. He pictured the heavenly hosts hurriedly running out of their tents to form in line of battle with the Great Commander in front. Then he described the stillness that reigned when all was ready, awaiting the command to advance. By this time the whole congregation, including myself, were sitting with nerves strained, excited in the extreme, and as the preacher described the tramp, tramp, tramp of the mighty host approaching the earth I saw several members, terrified, get down under the benches. He then followed a courier coming from the distance, who reported 'Death on a white horse,' as having appeared far away. When the preacher described the Commander detailing a squad of his soldiers to 'go capture Death,' a terrified moan came from the audience. Finally he brought the army of heaven down to earth just before daybreak, and had them resting on their arms awaiting Gabriel's trumpet. He pictured at length how quiet everything was, then putting his hand to his mouth he imitated the bugle call, which so terrified and completely unstrung his audience that the greater portion of it arose hurriedly and rushed out of the building. In all my life I have never heard a sermon that had such a startling effect upon a congregation."

THEY GOT THE WOOD.

It was night. The weather was bitter cold.

"Oh, Willie!" said little Gertrude, "what shall we do?" We are so poor that we have no fuel with which to cook a porter-house steak for our dear mamma."

"And it is of no use for us to try to borrow from our neighbours."

"No. There is nothing left to borrow."

"Where's the cat?" asked little Gertrude.

"Here," replied Willie.

"Put her on the woodshed and twist her tail."

Willie did so. In a short time the windows of the neighbourhood opened and bootjacks showered down. Gertrude gathered them up and said:

"There, Willie, put the kitty carefully away; we may need her again when these bootjacks are burned."

Was not Gertrude a wise little girl to profit so well by what she read in the comic papers?

Jack: "I don't quite comprehend Miss Smith."

Tom: "In what respect?"

Jack: "Well, we were children together, and here now I'm 32 and she's only 22."

Tom: "You've lived faster than she has."

Jack: "Thanks, old fellow. I guess that explains it."

HE OBJECTED TO TIGHTS.

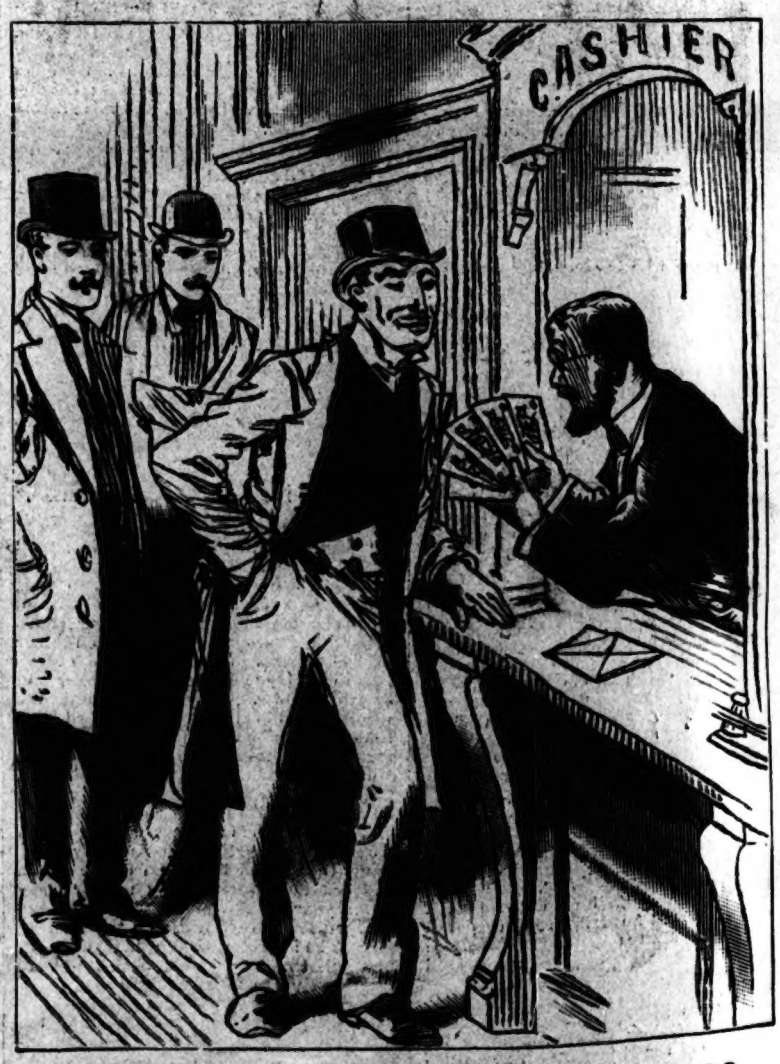
An Irate Father orders his Daughter to Clothe Herself Properly.

HE STOOD THE GAFF DEEP.

Loss of Blood Weakened the Man into Giving In.

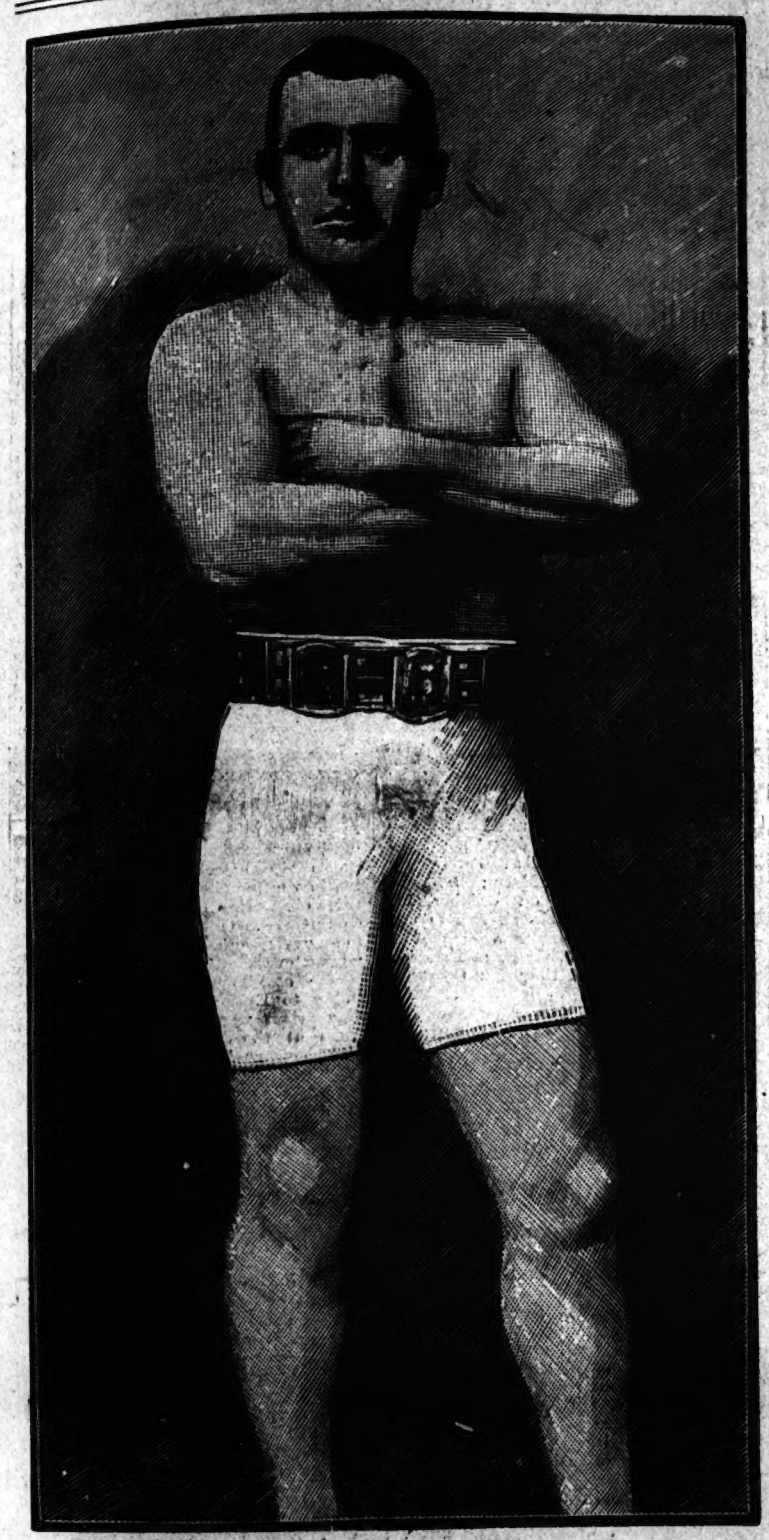
THEY SET AN ALARM CLOCK.

A Sermon Brought to an Abrupt End in Yorkshire.



BORROWED MONEY ON FOUR KINGS.

A Banker knew the value of Four of a Kind and One Ace.



DAN CREEDON,

Australian Middle-Weight, who Challenges the World at 11st.

NO USE FOR A DISGRACED SISTER.

He Refused to Harbour a Child Born out of Wedlock.

SHE SAW HER FAVOURITE KILLED.

A Duel with Arrows in the South of France.

HONEST SPORTS.

Monte Carlo Pigeon Matches.

Comte Zichy gets the Plum.

Hardy beats Hannam for £800.

Hurdling at Edinburgh.

Duncan wins a Hard Race.

THE International Pigeon Shooting Tournament was begun at Monte Carlo, January 26. The event was the Grande Poule D'Essai—2000fr added to a sweepstakes of 100fr each; 1 pigeon at 26 metres. 86 subs. Marquis du Chasteler, Mr. Roberts, Comte Gioleck, Sig. D'Ovari, Sig. Fadini, Mr. Deshayes, Sig. Benvenuti, Comte Venezze, Comte L. Gajoli, Sig. Marconcini, Comte Trattmansdorff, Sig. Tarri, and Sig. Lo, each killed seven birds and divided 10,170f.

Prix D'Ouverture, an objet d'art, and 3,000 francs, added to a sweepstake of £4 each; the second to receive 750 francs from the prize and 25 per cent. of the entries; the third 500 francs and 20 per cent.; and the fourth 250 francs and 15 per cent.; one pigeon at 26 metres: ties at 27. There were eighty-nine competitors in this event, which was decided January 29 and 30. The results were: Captain Shelley, thirteen birds in thirteen shots, first (4,580fr.); Count Voss, twelve birds in thirteen shots, second (2,950fr.); M. de Pallandt, eleven birds in twelve shots, third (2,260fr.); and Mr. Sutcliffe, ten birds in eleven shots, fourth (1,570fr.)

There were sixty-nine competitors in a sweepstake of 40fr. each, which followed, and the prize-money was divided between Messrs. Drago, Luke, Drevon, and Count Gajoli.

On Feb. 1, the big international event was decided, and won by Comte Zichy (Austrian), after a most exciting finish, he having killed twenty birds without a miss. Marquis Chasteler (Belgian) was the runner-up. The birds were of fair quality. Details:—

The Grand Prize of the Casino, an objet d'art and 20,000 francs (£800), added to a sweepstakes of £8 each; the second 4,000 francs from the prize and 25 per cent. of the entries; the third 2,000 francs and 25 per cent.; and the fourth 1,000 francs and 15 per cent.; twelve pigeons, four on the first day at 26 metres, and eight on the second day at 27 metres; the winner of the prize in 1893 to stand back 2 metres, and all other winners 1 metre.

Marquis Chasteler (Belgian), Mr. H. J. Roberts (English), M. Gervais (French), Mr. Kennedy (English), and Comte Zichy (Austrian) each killed twelve birds. Mr. Kennedy missed his first tie bird, and M. Gervais his fourth bird. Finally Comte Zichy won at the eighth round, amidst great excitement. Result:—

Comte Zichy (Austrian), won objet and 18,580 francs	1
Marquis Chastelar (Belgian), 8,650 fr...	2
Mr. H. J. Roberts (English), 6,650 fr ...	3
M. Gervais (French), 3,790 fr ...	4

Last year Signor Guidicini (Italian) was the winner, after killing 14 birds, and M. Dorlodot (French) was second with thirteen birds.

* * *

ON January 27, an impromptu match of considerable interest was decided on the shooting-ground near Smith's Folly, at Nice, for £800. The contestants were Mr. C. Hannam, well known in turf circles, and Mr. F. Hardy, of Manchester, conditions being 31 birds, Mr. Hannam standing at 26 metres, and his opponent at 29. Fully two hundred persons assembled to witness the contest, on which a vast amount of speculation was made. Mr. Hannam began well by stopping his first four and getting a lead in the early part of the battle; odds were freely betted on his ultimate success. Mr. Hardy, however, was by no means beaten, and as he presently settled down to a comfortable run of eleven consecutive kills, many of them made in brilliant style, he not only caught his man, but finally won "hands down," with the greatest ease by five birds, his totalbeing 17 to 12.

* * *

A MATCH for £50 occurred at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, Scotland, Jan. 27, between R. Meikle, Linlithgow, and A. Duncan, Edinburgh, in which the pair agreed to run 500 yards level over ten flights of hurdles of 3ft 6in in height. Hitherto Duncan has been considered the best professional hurdler in Scotland, but Meikle having showed improved form of late in this special branch of the game, threw down the cartel against his old opponent. Duncan at the time of the challenge was in indifferent health; but his backers believing in his ability to uphold his title duly matched him. Duncan, despite that he was in anything like tiptop form, was made favourtte at 6 to 4 on. The pair jumped the first three hurdles almost abreast, but Meikle faltered at the fourth, and Duncan gained a six yards lead. Meikle's superior speed, however, again brought him level ere the next obstacle was negotiated, but on rising to the hurdle on the level Meikle failed to sufficiently allow for the rise of the ground at this part and came a cropper. The race now looked a gift for Duncan, but his strength gave out, and he als fell at the last hurdle. Excitement now was very high, as Meikle had speedily got on his feet again, and running the stronger of the pair, cleared the last hurdle just as Duncan scrambled to his feet. Then ensued a most determined race for the remaining forty yards, but try as Meikle would, he failed to quite catch Duncan, who scrambled home completely exhausted by half a yard. Time, 1min 19 4-5sec.

* * *

A WALKING handicap race of ten miles, from Horndean to Portsmouth, was decided Jan. 27 by twelve members of the Portsmouth Harriers, and there was a head wind the whole journey. G. Moss, first; Owens, second. Time, 1 hour 50 min.

* * *

GEORGE RASSO, of Hamburg, Germany, wants to wrestle any man in England, Tom Cannon preferred, at Græco-Roman style. He says: "I am contemplating a tour to America next March to meet the leading wrestlers of that country, and prior to my departure I would like to meet Tom Cannon—who, I hear, is at present in Liverpool—for the Græco-Roman Championship of the World and a stake of £200 a side. The match to take place in London the second week in March."

* * *

THE Presidents of the O.U.A.C. and the C.U.A.C. have agreed to hold the annual Inter-University Sports on the same day as the Boat Race—viz., Saturday, March 17, at the Queen's Club Grounds, West Kensington.

* * *

JAMES RYMER, the champion shaver of Mile End, still hungers for a customer. He has had posted a forfeit to engage in a shaving competition with any man in the world, but they all appear to

Run Away From Him.

William Lloyd should take on Rymer before he departs for the United States. Then, if he beat Rymer, he could leave this country the undisputed champion.

In a letter to THE MIRROR OF LIFE, Rymer says:—"It appears strange how some people will profess a desire to do a certain thing, and then ignore any reasonable proposition which may be offered. I notice at a presentation to William Lloyd the other day he declared himself prepared to meet any man in the world in a shaving contest, and would not decline any reasonable offer of a match. That declaration was made in the *Life* office, and in face of it Lloyd made no pretensions to cover my deposit of £5 left at that office. My money still lies on deposit, and it is about time Lloyd should either make a match or else cease laying any claim to a title which he never won.

He indulges in plenty of paper talk about what he will do, but up to the present has always backed out of accepting a fair challenge. At the time of the so-called shaving championship he stated he was quite willing to take on the Marvel of Mile End, viz., myself, but weakened.

I should like to know whether he intends to make a match with me, because until he beats me he cannot fairly claim the title of Champion Shaver of the World.

* * *

A JUMPING match, in which the stakes were £50 a-side, was decided at Moorfield Grounds, Failsworth, Jan. 27. There was a good attendance. The parties were Alf. Seddon, of Doffcocker, and W. Mulliner, of Oldham, who signed to contest at run, two hops, and a jump. Mulliner, winning the toss, went on, and Seddon beat his distance by 2ft 4in. Mulliner cut this five inches. Seddon's next jump landed 9½ inches over that of his opponent. Mulliner now did his best, and got 13½ inches over Seddon's mark. Seddon fell short of this a dozen inches, and Mulliner thus won the match. The distance covered was 40 feet.

* * *

A MATCH in which W. Clifton was to concede W. Slater 170 yards start in a mile walk for £50 was decided at White Hart Grounds, Tottenham Hall, Jan. 29. Clifton is fifty-three years of age, and Slater sixty-seven years. They covered the ground in good style; Slater, with his handicap, secured an easy victory, covering the distance in 9min 6sec.

TOMMY HAYES, veteran sportsman of Manchester, died recently. He was at one time proprietor of the Copenhagen Ground and Mostyn Park during the long run of such men as Bill Lang, Jemmy Nuttall, Bob M'Kinstray, "Tudsey" Walsh, and a host of the old school of sprinters. He was in his sixty-sixth year.

* * *

JACK CARKEEK, the Cornish wrestler, recently defeated James Brady in a mixed style wrestling match for £200 at Masillon, Ohio, U.S.A., securing two out of three falls.

* * *

JAMES EDWARD, better known as "Choppy" Warburton, the famous ex-champion distance runner, died at Paris on February 2. He was in Paris looking after Arthur V. Linton, the Welsh champion bicyclist, and on February 1 he went out for a spin on a tandem with a comrade, and whilst on the Champs Elysées a phaeton horse took fright, and, dashing into their machine, smashed it up, Warburton receiving such severe injuries that he succumbed the following morning, an untimely close being thus brought to one of the most brilliant careers an athlete ever achieved. "Choppy" was born at Haslingden, Lancashire, on November 13, 1845, stood 5ft 10in in height, and weighed, when in running condition, about 10st 3lb. He commenced running as an amateur many years ago, and the more prominent victories during his career include a defeat of J. Gibb, of the London A.C., 6 miles on turf, in 32min 14sec. Several conquests over T. Duckett, of Liverpool, the last time at 2 miles on turf, done in 9min 40sec; a victory over Davis, of Chester, 4 miles, conceding him 50 yards and romping home in 20min 26½sec; and beating W. G. George, who holds the world's record at a mile, at both 3 and 6 miles. He also won the 4 Miles Championship at Lillie Bridge in the same year in 21min 48⅗sec; in 1879 he likewise beat record at 6 miles at Heywood, in 31min 12½sec; and 10 miles at Manchester, on October 11. He then turned professional, and in the autumn of 1879 he made a couple of matches with W. Cummings, of Preston, at 4 and 6 miles, but they fell through. On April 17, 1880, he ran Bailey, of Sittingbourne, 20 miles for £50, easily defeating him. On May 29, 1880, he ran his memorable match against time of 20 miles in two hours at the Cob Wall Cricket Ground, Blackburn, on turf, accomplishing the distance in 1hr 56min 38sec, thus winning by 3min 22sec. Subsequently he went to America and competed in several events with varying success. Lately he has turned his attention to training athletes and cyclists. His last appearance as a runner was in the Veterans' Handicap, promoted by Sir John Astley. Although on the scratch mark he came in first, but it was found that a mistake had been made in his age. For this, however, he must be held blameless, the error being in the certificate itself.

* * *

THE other afternoon the Stanley Athletic Grounds, Liverpool, was the scene of a somewhat novel race. The veteran sprinter, Mr. A. Parsons, contesting against Mr. Harris, the latter backing himself to hop sixty-five yards while Parsons run 100. About 500 persons put in an appearance, and much excitement prevailed. When half the distance had been traversed Harris looked like winning easily, in fact odds of 20 to 1 were offered on him. It's an old saying, "The race is never won until it is finished," and so it happened in this case. Harris suddenly collapsed, and was beaten on the post by a yard.

BILLY SMITH, OF BOSTON.

Clever 10st Pugilist.

Champion of America.

(With Portrait.)

BILLY SMITH, the clever 10st pugilist, wants to meet Dick O'Brien in Providence, U.S.A., in a finish fight for the Championship. He has beaten all comers at his weight, and is looked upon as a wonder at 10st. The fight which brought him into prominence was at the Coney Island Club, April 17, 1893, when he whipped Tom Williams, the Australian, in two rounds, for a purse of £1,000. He has beaten Shadow Maber, the Australian, Danny Needham, and Billy Gleason, all good men at 10st.

Smith is heavily backed by Boston sports, who will risk £2,000 in any match he may choose to take part in.

BOBBIE: "Is dat ole lady your grandma?"

Dickey: "Naw. She's my fadder's mother-in-law."

Bobbie: "What was your fadder's name before he was married?"

Dickey: "I don't know, but he says it's Dennis ever since."

* * *

"No, George," said Laura. "If I take the part of Juliet in the amateur theatricals it never would do in the world for you to play Romeo."

"Why not?" demanded George, fiercely.

"Because," rejoined Laura, sadly, yet firmly, "you would not be satisfied with the stage kiss."

THEATRICAL FOOTBALL GALA AT LIVERPOOL.

Everton v. Pantomime Artistes.

NOTWITHSTANDING the wretched weather which prevailed on February 1 at Liverpool, the theatrical foolball gala at the Everton's grounds, Goodisoon Park was a great success. There was an attendance of over 10,000 persons, and the "gate" amounted to over £400, which, with the money collected by the different theatrical artistes, will be divided amongst the following Liverpool charitable institutions: — Stanley Hospital, Royal Infirmary, Northern Hospital, Southern Hospital, and Bootle Borough Hospital. Punctually at noon the performers from the different pantomimes at present playing in Liverpool attired in grotesque costume formed in procession and proceeded to Goodisoon Park, where they duly arrived about one o'clock. The gala opened with a football match between school boys representing the north and south ends of the town. Following this, the famous Preston Morris Dancers performed their popular old English dance, meeting with much approval. Then came races for the pantomime artistes (ladies and gentlemen) in costume. A representation of the Matabele warriors was given, and caused considerable mirth. All sorts of ways and means were resorted to by the different lady and gentlemen professionals in order to obtain money from the onlookers, the ladies selling photographs, cigars, matches, &c., whilst the gentlemen carrying collection boxes sung and danced to the assemblage. Everyone done their utmost to increase the receipts. The members of the combined orchestras of the different theatres and the Liverpool police band discoursed lively selections of music throughout the day. Shortly after three o'clock the burlesque football match commenced, the Everton team appearing in smockfrocks and high hats, whilst the "pros" were attired in all sorts of grotesque costumes, and numbered about thirty to Everton's eleven men. Much amusement was caused throughout the game at the different antics and manœuvres resorted to by the "pros" in order to obtain an advantage over their opponents. At four o'clock the game ended in a draw, neither side knowing how many goals had been scored. And thus passed away the theatrical football gala for another twelve months.

HE SPANKED THE LAD.

"SOME of our board schools are conducted on curious principles, and the methods adopted to punish unruly children at some of the schools are indeed ludicrous," says a correspondent. "It may be amusing to the readers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE to relate a few incidents which have transpired at a board school within easy distance of Lewisham. It is seldom that occurrences amongst children ever become known outside of the four walls in which they are supposed to obtain their knowledge previous to developing into manhood, but I overheard some incidents which are not only true but too 'rich' to lie dormant.

"It appears that some of the boys possess stubborn ideas, and as a means of punishment the teacher would treat the unruly one to a right-hand blow in the back, or face, or, in fact, the most convenient spot. One of the pupils took exception to a blow in the face which produced a black eye, and going home returned with a hammer under his coat. The teacher attempted to deal out another blow, but the boy landed him in the head with the hammer. The blow dazed the teacher to such an extent that he was unable to complete his day's duties.

"Throwing slates in return for blows are too common for more than ordinary mention, but an incident did occur a few days ago the like of which has never before been heard of. A boy who had committed an error was brought up for punishment; not knowing the nature of the treat in store for him he did not hesitate to respond to the summons. The teacher is a well-built chap, wears spectacles, and has an apology for a full beard. Running his fingers through his curly locks he meditated for several moments, when to the surprise of the class of scholars he unbuttoned the lad's pants, and stripped them clear of his posterior. He then grasped the boy around the body with his left arm and raised him to a position where the posterior was exposed. The class of boys shouted themselves hoarse with mirth whilst the teacher spanked the boy, parading from one room to another. In each room he sat down, still holding the youngster, and spared not the use of his hand, greatly to the amusement of the other teachers and children. The recipient of the punishment kept up a war-whoop which could be heard a block off, and when released he rearranged his pants, but felt disposed to remain in a standing position for the balance of the day. Punishment of such a ridiculous and humiliating description is wholly uncalled for, and the trustees should prevent a repetition of the occurrence."

THE PANTOMIME.

How it is played in America.

Departing from English Style to that of the French.

English Pantomimes Appreciated by Children.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE pantomime is a show always appreciated by the young folks and liberally patronised by all. In the United States the pantomime is patterned a great deal after the French style, and goes big, too. Early in the present century the English pantomime flourished in America first under the name of "Mother Goose," which was immensely popular at Christmas, year after year. "Mother Goose" was succeeded by "Humpty Dumpty," which, in various modifications, is the pantomime as it survives to-day.

George L. Fox was the greatest of American clowns and pantomimists, as Grimaldi was the greatest in his time in England. With the death of Fox the American version of the English pantomime seemed to all but disappear. At any rate the newer versions have held the field since that time.

For an explanation of the changes in American pantomime, we must, as has been suggested, look to the French.

In the French pantomime as they have had it presented, of late, in New York and Boston, in "L'Enfant Prodigue," the leading characters are Pierrot and old Pierrot, father and son, with faces whitened like clowns. Pierrot represents the spirit of innocent fun, and his misfortunes represent the misfortunes of youth. The modern French pantomime enlarges on the little Pierrot story, has ballets and marches and transformations, queer dances, queerer costumes and oddities until oddity can go no further. Not a word is spoken; but then, there is really nothing to say. It is an absurdity without words.

The American pantomime, which is never so welcome as at Christmas time, sticks to the main characters of the English "Mother Goose" or "Humpty Dumpty" scheme rather than to the French Pierrot plot, but the French fantasy has a very decided effect in the pictorial part of the show, in the mysteries, in the acrobatic marvels.

Pantomimes still must have a harlequin, a Humpty Dumpty, a funny old man of some sort, and a policeman. You will see this in the American version if you are in range of one; but the female characters must be modern. This seems to be demanded by the spirit of the time, and this is why Columbine's skirts have been getting shorter and shorter, until she is now all but minus any skirt at all.

In fact the American Columbine, being simply the American stage heroine who does not talk, and who consequently is frankly spoken of as a lady who "travels on her shape," is dressed to show her figure to the fullest advantage; and to give her fair credit she is likely to be very dazzling. She is better behaved than the French Columbine, and the chances are always in favour of the supposition that she is prettier.

There has to be a Pantaloon, of course, and he is, as they now have him in America, a sort of compromise between Humpty Dumpty and Pierrot. The American Columbine is, however, coming nearer and nearer every year to being a "fig leafer." She attracts more by what she shows of herself than by what she does.

In the English pantomime Columbine is more modest in her attire and appears to take equally as well as though the French style were resorted to. "Cinderella" at the Lyceum, "Jack and the Beanstalk" at the Crystal Palace, "Robinson Crusoe" at the Drury Lane, "A Magic Carrot" at the Canterbury, and "A Dock Strike" at the Royal, are all doing good business, irrespective of the prevailing hard times. At the Lyceum, "Cinderella" is beautifully staged, and an ideal English pantomime for children. In the Royal box there the other day, there was one little man who laughed so immoderately at the thwackings of the clown and pantaloon that he had to be patted on the back by all his family lest he should choke. He was more than a boy, he was a symbol; he represented the primeval instincts of the race, he epitomised the history of Mankind. He was doing what his grown-up ancestors did in the days of Aristophanes, of the Fescennine farces, of Molière, of Bartholomew Fair; what his grown-up contemporaries still do in the presence of the Two Macs and the other "Knockabouts" of the music halls. When that little boy grows up, he will put away these childish things; he will, maybe, pretend to enjoy the "New Humour," he will contemplate himself "evolving" and insist on allowing his "Ego" free play, like the comic youth so drolly played by Mr. Frederick Kerr in "The Charlatan." But he will never get such hearty enjoyment out of life as he got at that performance.

THE FIGHTER IN AMERICA.

How he is Handled and Schemes Worked to Secure Notoriety without Actual Fighting.

(Subject of Illustration.)

Do you call him a fighter? Well, hardly; he is more of a showman, and that is what is disgusting the public in the United States of late more than actual pugilism itself. A man who follows fighting, or pretends to, for a livelihood across the ocean makes every move tell for advertising purposes, and if he only boxes a few rounds he must have it described as a desperate and gory affair, so as to create a lot of free advertising, which is utilised for show purposes. The one who can make the best bluff is the best drawing card. He has only to keep up a tirade of abuse through the medium of the press and his reputation is established.

As the late P. T. Barnum was wont to say, "Spend all your money and efforts in advertising, and once you are notorious success is assured." The short-haired fraternity in the States are pursuing such tactics to perfection. There is but little said about football games in the States, still at every match you will find one or more of the players being carried off the field more dead than alive, and while all such cruelties are being indulged in and sanctioned by the authorities,

Uncle Sam, with Gun in Hand,

Stops a Harmless Boxing Match.

The fault lies entirely with the manager of the fighter and the bull-dozing Press agent, who try to boost their man up too high; and the persistent haggling at the authorities to tempt them to prevent the coming off of a fight, so that all the benefit of free advertising is secured without an actual contest has

Has Broken the Fighter's Platform.

If one would believe all that was said in the Press he would soon be a fit subject for an insane asylum. It is strange that some of the Press agents have not put up a man ere this, to challenge Grover Cleveland, the President of the United States; it would give him notoriety, and there would be no danger of his proposal being accepted. The only safe way is for one fighter to blow from England and the other to remain in America; or it would be safe for rivals to be showing in separate halls in the same town, then they could blow to their respective audiences with perfect impunity. When a club-manager does make an honest offer of 2,500 dols. for a fight between two well-advertised men he is bound to offend one or both, and a 25,000 dols. purse is then demanded. If challenges issued almost daily were sincere, and deposits genuine, 5,000 dols. forfeits would become common; but many of the American papers will publish that amount as deposited and not hold over five dollars, and that sum, too, will have a stout chain attached to it.

It would be a difficult matter to find a fighter in America who would hesitate to say that he is not ready to meet some particular "pug" of newspaper distinction and if necessary

He would Face a Cannon.

It must now simmer down to actual fighting for smaller purses with no manager, backer, creditor, donor, boodler, and chief blower in the background holding strings on the men.

Championship belts and titles are too numerous altogether nowadays, and when a contest does occur the fighters' money is sifted down to such an extent that the man who does win the cash receives only a small portion of the spoils.

It is about time the moral crank took a turn to place a quietus on the business, and he

Shows the Fighter no Mercy,

but is wringing them out into a hapless mess of law-breakers. The louder the moral crank can howl the more money he can enlist from the wealthy old maids to aid his cause.

Let fighters settle down to finish glove contests in private club rooms for a reasonable purse, and if men wish to make a wager let the money be put up man fashion, and avoid the newspaper talk which has become so odious to the patrons of the manly art.

THEY SET AN ALARM CLOCK.

A Sermon Brought to an Abrupt End in Yorkshire.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NOT a great distance from the railway station in one of the large towns in Yorkshire there stands a church, and the clergyman is notorious for delivering prolonged and tedious sermons. Some of the young men concluded to give him a hint on the subject a few Sundays ago, and, setting an alarm clock at 1.30, placed it under the pulpit. When the clergyman had reached the most interesting portion of the sermon, the alarum clock went off and raised such a disturbance that it was some time before the sermon could be continued. The clergyman was terrorised completely. He took out the clock and held his hand over the bell till it stopped ringing, and then put it out of sight.

SHE SAW HER FAVOURITE KILLED.

A Duel with Arrows in the South of France.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEN two Frenchmen are in love with the same girl the earth is not large enough to hold both of the lovers comfortably. A fair illustration of this theory occurred in the south of France a short time ago. Two had been courting the same young lady and finally one became a favourite with the female, and was rumoured as the accepted lover. This enraged the man who had received the cold shoulder, and he was not slow in casting a stain on the young lady's character. The favoured one at once demanded satisfaction. A duel was fought with arrows, the young lady to be present as the only witness. She gave the signal and the two arrows were seen flying through the air; one went wide of the mark, but the other, to the horror of the witness, buried itself into the heart of the young lady's favourite, causing instant death. She fainted at the sight before her and declined to accept any sympathy from the one who caused her sorrow.

SAM NIXON.

A Liverpool Publican who has Travelled the World.

(With Portrait.)

THE subject of our sketch was born in Liverpool, April 15, 1848. At the age of sixteen he started boxing, being bar-tender with Jem Clarke at the Houghton Abbey, Liverpool. Three years later he went to New York, appearing at the Old Bowery Theatre at Tom Allen's benefit. During 1867 he travelled different parts of the States with Patsy Sheppard (now of Boston) and Abe Hicken, of Wolverhampton (now of Melbourne, Australia). He set sail for Melbourne, Australia, in 1868. In 1878 he became prominent in athletic circles, and purchased the Commercial Hotel, Carlton, Melbourne. Later on he accepted the management, for Jem Mace (ex-champion), of his hotel, the V. R. C., in Bourke Street, Melbourne, running the "Commercial" at the same time. He remained with Mace until the latter left Melbourne for New Zealand. In 1882 Nixon had the first boxing booth allowed on the new Melbourne racecourse at Flemington, at a Melbourne Cup meeting. The combination amongst others included Old Harry Sallars (the black), Peter Newton and Mick Nathan, respective middle-weight and light-weight champions of Australia. Two years later took a combination of boxers to Sandhurst Easter fair, the biggest one held in Australia. Included in this combination was "Billy" Farnan, the only man who has the credit of defeating Peter Jackson. When Clarence Whistler, the famous Græco-Roman wrestler, arrived from the States in 1885, and matched with Professor Miller, the World's Champion, he was seconded successfully by Nixon. The match included the World's Championship, and took place in Melbourne, on September 26, 1885. Early in 1886, Sam Nixon took a combination to Maryborough, this time the principal being Tom Lees, heavy weight champion, then matched for the Australian championship with "Billy Farnan." Lees won this contest.

Nixon handled Tom Cannon, when the latter defeated Miller for the wrestling championship and £200. Disposing of his hotel, he returned to Great Britain on a year's trip, and on reaching Melbourne in February 1888, he secured the Inter-Colonial Hotel, Melbourne. It was recognised as the sporting resort of the town. He brought into prominence young Griffo, feather-weight champion, managed F. P. Slavin on an Australian tour, and in 1891 Nixon and his family returned to this country, opening the Flat Iron Hotel, Liverpool, where he is now located.

BORROWED MONEY ON FOUR KINGS.

A Banker knew the value of Four of a Kind and One Ace.

(Subject of Illustration.)

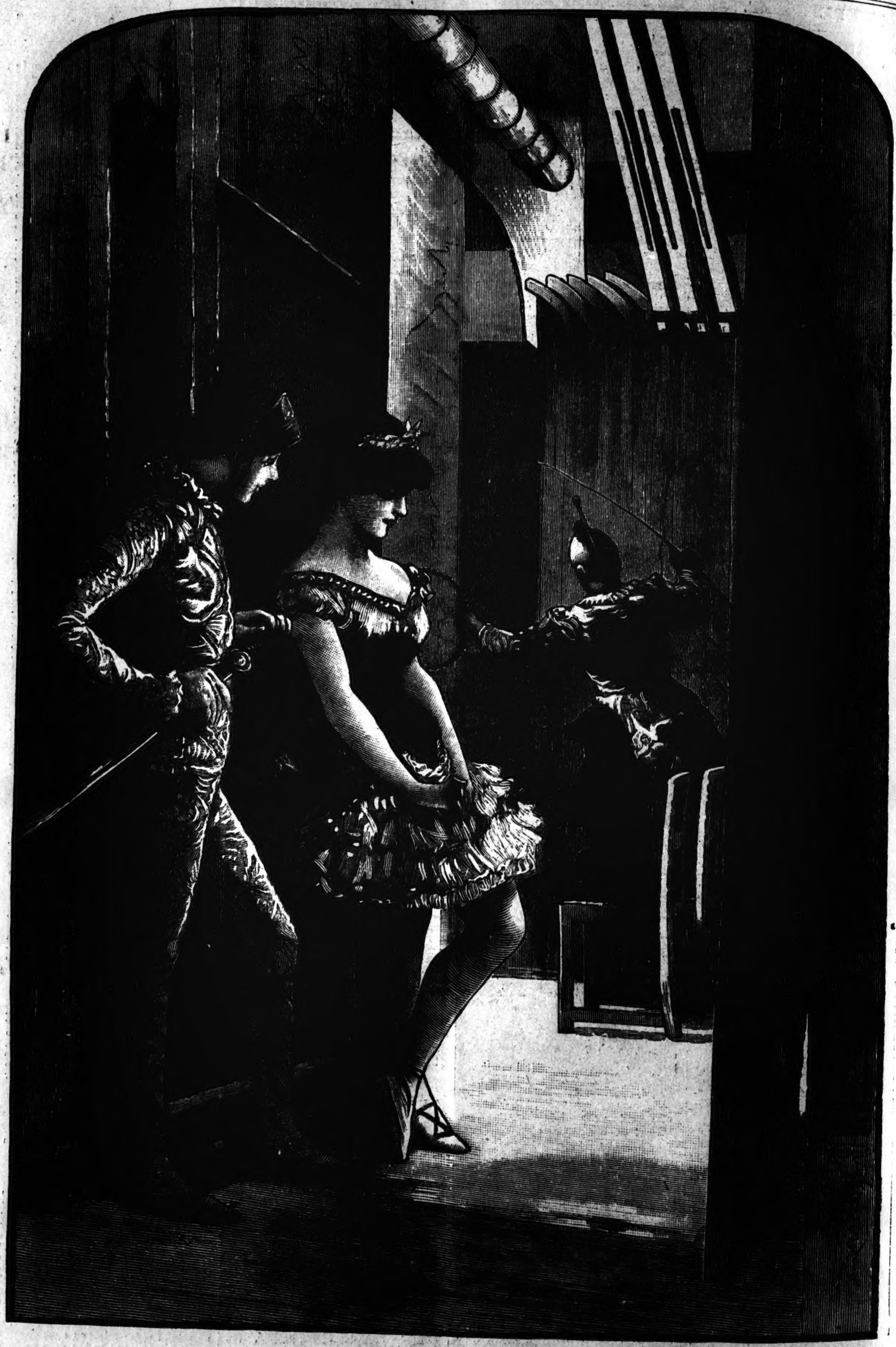
A QUIET game of poker was in progress at a swell club in London recently, and one of the party had a run of bad luck, which cost him about all of his spare cash. Finally in a deal he got four kings, and in drawing a card received an ace. Two others filled and betting commenced. The man who had the top hand wanted the other two to take his word for £100. This they refused, but gave him permission to go out and raise money. The game was immediately stopped, the five cards placed in an envelope, and two of the party accompanied the holder to see that he made no shift on what he held. To the surprise of those who accompanied him, the lucky holder entered a banking institution near by, where he was acquainted, and, walking up to the cashier, he exposed his hand and asked for £100 loan. The cashier knew the value of the hand and handed over the £100. The trio returned to resume play, and the £100 brought in nearly three times that sum. It is probably the first instance where five cards were taken as security for so large a sum of money.

DEAD HORSE ADVERTISING.

A Boy's Burlesque of Advertising in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IT is only of late years that the Yankee has resorted to placard advertising to any great extent, and no doubt they got their ideas from us, because you can hardly move about in any part of the kingdom but that you are confronted with "ads." of every description, and it is carried to such extremes in London district that the signs are really obnoxious and a perfect nuisance. A rich burlesque of advertising was seen in Chicago a short time since. In the streets a horse was taken ill and died. Not being removed for several hours, a number of boys marked off some placards which were pinned to the dead carcass, and it collected such a crowd of amused people that the policemen on approaching speedily removed the signs, and had the animal carted off.



THE PANTOMIME.

HOW IT IS PLAYED IN AMERICA.

HE WON THEIR CLOTHES.

A Card Sharp Skins Three Citizens of Money, Furniture, and Clothing.

THE "GHOST" DIDN'T WALK.

Chorus Girls Shake Down the Manager for Unpaid Salaries.

AROUND THE RING.

Corbett and Jackson.

Will They Fight Here.

£500 for Dixon and Plimmer.

Big Money for Little Men.

Corbett's Intentions.

Mitchell Retires from Boxing.

Wallace Whips Mortimer.

Other Contests of interest Here.

WHERE will James J. Corbett, Champion of the World, and Peter Jackson, coloured champion, fight? That is the all absorbing question now amongst those who are patrons to the manly art. We want the battle to occur in England, providing the men will accept a reasonable purse. Already bids are being made for the contest both here and in the States. The highest one suggested is that of a syndicate of wealthy sportsmen at Los Angeles, Cal., who guarantee protection and a 25,000-dol. purse. Next in order comes the Cosmopolitan Club of San Francisco, with an offer of 20,000 dols. After the ordeal which Corbett was forced to pass through before he met Mitchell at Jacksonville, it should sicken him from engaging in a battle in any part of the United States. He voices the same sentiment and declares that he would much prefer to fight in this country, even though the purse would not be so large.

Notwithstanding Corbett and Mitchell were licensed to fight at Jacksonville, both were arrested and placed under heavy bonds to appear for their trial there this month. It is doubtful if either go near Jacksonville for trial, in which case the bonds will be forfeited, and taking the sum off the purse-money would decrease the winner's share considerably.

The Corbett and Jackson fight might be brought to a successful issue at Los Angeles or San Francisco, but would the promoters indemnify the men from loss after the match? We are well aware of the fact that Peter Jackson, and his manager, "Parson" Davies, are desirous of making a tour of the Kingdom, and also prefer fighting at the rooms of the National Sporting Club to any place in the States. Jackson has fought twice in this country and the favourable impression he created, particularly in his fight with Slavin, found him many substantial friends. The English people would back him more heavily than the Americans or even the Australians, who were his early supporters, hence the coloured champion's desire for a fight on English soil.

When the Corbett-Mitchell fight was in abeyance the former communicated with Mr. John Fleming and requested him to bid for the battle to occur at the National Sporting Club. Corbett argued that he would be willing to travel to this country and contend for a smaller purse than was offered in the States, because he felt sure of protection and a fair show. His opinion has not altered any in the interim, and since his match with Mitchell he has declared his intentions of coming here on a visit, and would like to combine business with pleasure by fighting Jackson.

The management of The Ormonde Club, Walworth Road, engage to give a purse of £3,000 for the contest between Corbett and Jackson, and express a willingness to deposit the money as soon as the men sign articles to fight here.

Mr. John Fleming has not as yet made any public offer for the contest, but informed a correspondent of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that the National Sporting Club would guarantee £2,000. Though the amount is less than one half of what the men can get in the States for a fight, the ultimate result would be about the same. By Corbett and Jackson consenting to fight for the National Sporting Club's purse they would be enabled to come here two months in advance of the date set for the match, and make considerable by appearing at exhibitions throughout the United Kingdom. Such a contest to be decided in this country would give boxing an impetus such as it has not had for several years. The winner would reap a harvest by conducting an exhibition tour after the fight, and on his return to the States he could then honestly declare himself the undisputed champion of the world.

Until such times as Corbett and Jackson meet in the ring it will remain an open question as to who is the better man. The winner would possess a clearer title to championship honours than any of the big men who have been before the public the past thirty years.

* * *

£500 for Dixon and Plimmer.

ON August 22 of last year Billy Plimmer, of Birmingham, was declared the winner over George Dixon, coloured champion, in a four-round contest at Madison Square Garden, New York City. Many argued at the time that Dixon was thoroughly beaten out, and could not have continued through another round with the plucky English lad. The division of the gate money has never been satisfactory to Plimmer, whilst Dixon has always claimed the referee failed to render an honest decision. The opinion of disinterested people favoured Plimmer, and the latter could find backing in any amount for a finish fight at 8st 2lb against Dixon.

Feeling at times between the men has run to extremes, each using every effort possible to injure the other. Dixon can never call himself champion of the world until he first defeats Plimmer in a finish match, and this he claims he is desirous of arranging. According to the present outlook in the States, it is doubtful if any club would undertake to give a liberal purse for them to fight for.

Plimmer wishes to return home and expresses a willingness to fight Dixon at the National Sporting Club at 8st 3lb., providing Mr. Fleming will offer a suitable purse. With a view to bringing about a match THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative saw Mr. Fleming and requested him to stipulate a stated sum which the club would give for such a fight. This he claimed he was unable to do until a meeting of the Board of Directors was held, He inferred, however, that should the men sign articles for a fight and agree to come to this country, he would be justified in suggesting that the National Sporting Club would hang up a purse of £500.

Dixon and Plimmer have only to sign articles to fight and there is no question but that the National Sporting Club will authorise Mr. Fleming to guarantee a £500 purse.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT on January 27 met with a most enthusiastic reception at the Madison Square Garden, New York, the audience cheering for fully fifteen minutes, and the ladies standing up and waiving handkerchiefs.

He sparred three rounds with Creedon in good shape, and in a short speech afterwards said he should always be ready in the future to defend his title of Champion of the World against all comers.

The "gate" at the fight amounted to 31,000 dols., and the club makes 5,000 dols.

There were forty special telegraph operators employed at Jacksonville, and the Western Union Company handled 280,000 words, 3,000,000 words being sent in ten days.

The *New York Herald* ran a special train to Savannah for free wires, the train making 172 miles in 182 minutes.

The Attorney-General says that the State is determined to convict the pugilists if there is any law enabling it to do so, and declares that if they fail to appear for trial at the sessions of the Criminal Court next month, their bonds will certainly be forfeited.

Corbett has decided to start in two months' time on a tour of the principal European capitals, but he will first visit England, Ireland, and Scotland. Mitchell, in an interview, said his reported intention to retire from the ring was correct. "The fact is," said Mitchell, "when a man is past thirty, he is 'stale' for prize-fighting. I shall do my best to further the manly art; but never will I put up my hands again in a 24ft ring." Mitchell added, "I hope to see Corbett box in England, and when he does I shall take a turn with him on the stage." Previous to the fight Bob Fitzsimmons said he would be prepared shortly to arrange a match to do some fighting. "I am waiting to learn the outcome of the Mitchell-Corbett mill," observed the lanky pugilist. "I will try my utmost to get on a match with the winner. If I don't succeed I will then take on Creedon. As to whom I think will win I must say I fancy Corbett. He has all the natural advantages in his favour. It might be a very short fight. Mitchell will try to tire Corbett out, but before he can do so Corbett will punch his face into ribbons."

The Cosmopolitan, a famous sporting club of San Francisco, has offered a 20,000 dols. purse for the Jackson and Corbett fight.

Jim Corbett recently tested his lungs. He took the tube, took in a heavy breath, and then blew. Steadily the centre tube rose, the big figures astonishing those who were watching the trial. At 360 the conqueror of Mitchell paused and asked, as he removed the tube from his mouth, "How is that for high?"

Peter Jackson is being treated for a chronic case of nose-bleed. A New York physician is puzzled over the case, and is giving Jackson close attention. Such afflictions serve to seriously impair a man's physical condition.

Previous to the fight with Mitchell, Dr. Fernandez took the physical measurements of Corbett which, according to his statement, are as follows:—

Height	6ft 1½in
Weight, stripped	13st 6lb
Normal chest measurement	38in
Exhausted of air	35in
Expanded	39in
Waist	33in
Left biceps relaxed	12in
Left biceps flexed	13in
Right biceps relaxed	12½in
Right biceps flexed	14½in
Length of arm from acromion to finger tips	29½in
Length of arm from olecranon (elbow) to finger tips	19in
Neck	16½in
Thigh	21in
Calf	14in

* * *

THOSE who attended the meeting of the National Sporting Club at its club house, Jan. 29, were treated to as game a glove contest as could be wished for. The contestants were Ted Mortimer, of Clare Market, and Dave Wallace, of Holloway. They were to box twenty rounds for £25 a side and an added purse of £50. Manager Fleming supplied the members with some interesting preliminary bouts, and shortly after 10 p.m. ordered the principal event on. The men were evenly matched as regards height and weight, each stood 5ft 5½in, and scaled in at 8st 9lb. Mr. Angle officiated as referee, and Mr. Cousins as timekeeper. Mortimer was the favourite at 6 to 4 on, and quite a lot of money was wagered on the result. In the opening round Wallace crept close in with a confident air, and shot the left on the mouth. Then he aimed a little higher, and his left went in and out of Mortimer's face with such effect that even at the end of the first round, the latter was flushed and all the worse for wear. Wallace hit clean and hard, and with the best of it at long shots, he was, in addition, the stronger at close quarters. At the call of time for the second round, Wallace was quickly on the top of his man. At times he fairly jumped in, and though Mortimer fought bravely, and gave something in return, he received the major part of the punishment. Mortimer seemed cramped and muscle-tied, while freedom characterised every movement of the youth from Holloway. During the fourth round Mortimer flattered his friends somewhat, Wallace had gone so strong and well that he became a trifle careless, and, getting close in, he joined issue with two-handed exchanges. This was really Mortimer's opportunity, and some desperate half-arm hitting saw the last-named almost hold his own. At the next attempt Wallace dropped into the old groove, and, try as he would, Mortimer seldom got near enough to do any damage. Towards the close of the round, however, he landed heavily with left and right, and the men took their corners amid ringing cheers. The spurt made by Mortimer was not, however, sustained. Wallace sparred for an extra breather, and then, setting himself going again, he plugged the other on the nose, mouth, and eyes. Mortimer fought with marked determination. Every time he rushed in it was only to run up against his rival's left hand. He was terribly slow in his leads, and when trying to get the right across he was always too high. Half-way through the eighth round Mortimer made a supreme effort. He managed to get both hands home on the side of the head, but a protracted rally was ended by Wallace knocking the other off his pins, and Mortimer was groggy as he took his seat. Gamely he stood up for the ninth and, what proved to be, the last round. After a few exchanges Wallace delivered a stinging hook hit on the chin. This he followed up with one-two on the same spot. Mortimer went down, but struggled gamely to his feet, only to receive more of the same medicine. He was thoroughly beaten, and though he struggled to his feet and wanted to continue, Mr. Angle wisely brought the contest to a close, and gave the award to Wallace. The winner was seconded by Barney Sheppard and Arthur Guttridge.

* * *

WHILE a crowd of English and other visitors of all nationalities were awaiting the result of the Mitchell and Corbett fight at the Café Riche, Monte Carlo, a very exciting scene occurred. A gentleman well known in London got into a discussion with a German, and words soon led to blows. The sporting element was largely represented in the room, and quite instinctively the chairs and tables were moved and a ring was formed for the combatants. The odds were laid on the Englishman, and the "set-to" began. He started by knocking his opponent about, when a well-known *demi-mondaine* rushed into the ring and separated the combatants. The Englishman, who was much the smaller and lighter man of the two, was untouched, but the German had his face badly marked. The police were informed of the affair, but they decided to let the matter rest, and no proceedings will be taken. A large amount of money changed hands at Monte Carlo over the Mitchell and Corbett fight, and for one night at any rate the gambling-tables had a serious competitor.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, clever 9st pugilist, is anxious to find a customer, and declares himself ready to take on any man in the world at even weight for from £100 to £500 a-side.

* * *

AT the Central Baths Gymnasium, Clerkenwell, January 30, George Wood, of Clapham, and Tom Foster met in a six-round contest. In the second round Wood commenced to show his form, and soon obtained the measure of his man. In the fourth, Wood again sent Foster to the boards, and the last-named failing to rise in time, the contest ended in favour of Wood.

W. Cullingham, of Islington, and W. Richardson, of Mile End, met in the final bout of a 6st 10lb competiton. With the advantage of height and reach, Richardson, after a little sparring, sent in his left, and following on he landed heavily on head and ribs. Cullingham tried his best most gamely, but the other man was too good for him, and continually placed a good left full in the face. Gamely Cullingham came up again, but after it was quite clear he was done, the contest was stopped, and Richardson had the award.

* * *

BILL BOLTON, of Marylebone, and Tom Brown, of St. John's Wood fought twelve rounds at a gymnasium on Cambridge Road, N.W., January 29, for a purse. The match was evenly contested for ten rounds, when Brown fell weak, and Bolton secured such an advantage that he was given the award.

* * *

EVAN DAVIES gave an interesting entertainment at the George Hotel, Wanstead, January 29. Three limited round contests were decided, the first between Jim Hartley of Shoreditch, and W. Wright, of Forest Gate, being one of six rounds. Both lads went in for terrific hitting, mostly confined to the face. The defence of each was weak, and neither put much science into his work. Wright was the stronger, but failed to do much damage. In the fifth the severe work they had done told its inevitable tale, and both were very weak. In the finish they had fought themselves almost to a standstill. Hartley, being the stronger of the pair, was declared the winner.

Ernest Stanton, of Stratford, and Tom Smith, of Canning Town, were the second couple to do six rounds. For three rounds they slugged each other in a determined manner, Stanton having the best of it. The fourth round brought the battle to a close, because it had only been in progress a minute, when Smith received his quietus, and failing to rise in the allotted ten seconds, Stanton was left the winner, a victory he well deserved, for his tactics were good all the way through.

George Allen and William Johnson indulged in four rounds of slugging and foul tactics, and were stopped by the referee, who declared in favour of Allen.

* * *

DAVE JOB, of Islington, and Ted Garrie, of Somers Town, decided their twenty-round glove contest for £10 a-side and a purse of £15 added, at the Raglan Music Hall, January 29. Both men scaled within the prescribed limit—6st 12lb. The first half of the battle was well contested, though Job displayed his superiority by clean, effective work on the head. Garrie kept up remarkably well, however, and recovering his strength he made matters rather hot for his rival, and the battle resolved itself into a rather tough one. Gradually, however, Job wore his rival down, and at the end of the allotted time he very rightly received the award. Job left the ring without a mark on him. A six-round battle was decided the same evening between W. Peagram, of Lambeth, and C. Smith, of Kennington, for a purse. The latter forced the fighting in the opening rounds, and was decidedly worsted in the rallies. In the fifth round Smith received a knock-down blow, and being unable to rise within the prescribed ten seconds Peagram was declared the winner.

* * *

A PURSE of £200 is offered by the Athletic Club at Ridgewood, New Jersey, U.S.A., for a glove-fight between Stanton Abbott, champion English light-weight, and Jimmy Dime, an American pug.

* * *

DICK HOOK gave a boxing show at the Lambeth School of Arms on January 27. In a ten-round contest between F. Landale and F. Jepson three rounds proved enough to determine a winner, and the issue was never in doubt at all. Jepson overtopped and outreached his antagonist, but the latter was of very sturdy build, and Jepson could not withstand his rushes. Landale set about his man in real earnest as soon as they put their hands up, and twice he forced Jepson through the ropes, but did not take any advantage of his defenceless position. Jepson fought as well as he was able, and put in two or three good left-handed crosses on Landale's jaw. Landale was very busy in the second round, and one of his left-handers gave Jepson a pair of thick lips. He was very weak, and in the third round he got a light cross-counter from the right on the jaw, and fell through the ropes, "knocked out." Charley Mack and Alf Combat faced each other for an eight-round bout. In this, too, three rounds brought about a decision. At the end of the first round honours were tolerably even, but in the second round Combat tried to take the lead. This was promptly resented by Mack, who knocked his antagonist down. The blow almost ended the contest. The third round had more clinching than fighting, but Combat got the worst of the exchanges, and, finding he was overmatched, he gave in at the end of eight minutes' work.

* * *

AT the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, January 27, Jack Farley, of Birmingham, and Arthur Valentine, of London, gave a very clever display of four rounds, Valentine scoring to the best advantage.

Sparrow Scarborough, of Dulwich, and Jack Brockback, of Bermondsey, met at Bermondsey, January 29, to box fifteen rounds for a £10 note. Only five rounds were fought, during which Scarborough floored his opponent several times, and forced Brockbank to quit.

* * *

Ned Ryan was tendered a benefit at the Goodwin Club, Kingsland Road, Jan. 27, the feature of the entertainment being an eight-round contest between Tommy Dod and Bill Dever, who boxed the specified number of rounds in a spirited manner. Dodd had decidedly the best of it throughout, and was given the verdict.

* * *

The Lea Valley Boxing Club gave prizes for an 8st 6lb competition, which was decided at Plaistow Jan. 26. In the final bout Ted White defeated J. Goach. He started in a determined manner with both hands. Goach did his best to keep the other off, but had considerably the worst of some heavy rallies, and half-way through the opening round White put paid to the bill, and won the competition.

* * *

Tom Burrows, the Australian, and Staff-Sergt. Warren had the honour of sparring before H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught at Aldershot. His Royal Highness, who is favourably disposed towards the manly art, visited the gymnasium and witnessed a three-round bout with the gloves, at the close of which he complimented Burrows and Warren on their skill. Subsequently the two men gave an exhibition of ball punching.

* * *

The Australian pugilist, Jimmy Ryan, who recently lost a fight to Jack McAuliffe, has been arrested by the sheriff at San Francisco, Cal., on complaint of Frank McManus, who claimed Ryan was about to sail for Australia to defraud his creditors.

* * *

D'Arcy Brennan, veteran boxer, who made such a gallant struggle in his match with Maurice Phillips, who was twenty-three years his junior, will be tendered a benefit at the Goodwin Gymnasium, Kingsland Road, on February 19.

* * *

The benefit to be tendered Harry Nickless will occur at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, on February 12.

* * *

Two eight and one twelve round glove contests for purposes were decided in London, February 1, under the direction of Con Donovan. The first bout, one of eight rounds, between Joe Bryant and Joe Bott, was well contested. Bryant showing to the best advantage was given the verdict.

In the match between George Gent and Alf Holden an extra round was ordered; the latter, doing the cleanest work, got the decision. Con Barrett and W. Bearwish, two Wapping sluggers, were to box twelve rounds. Barrett, who was much the shorter of the two, cut out the work, and using his left well he never had it out of the other man's face during the initial round. A similar state of affairs prevailed afterwards, too, for Bearwish did not gain the slightest advantage from his great height and reach. On the other hand, Barrett showed very good form, and keeping up a regular tattoo on the other's face and body he won well.

* * *

Chesterfield Goode gave a private boxing show in his Gerrard Street Gymnasium, February 1. Two six-round contests, one extended to eight, and some exhibition sparring made up an interesting programme, which was opened by a set-to between Tom Beal and Young George Cunningham. Beal, who met Mike Levy, of Billingsgate, some time back in the old style, was dead out of condition, and consequently was no match for Young George, who has several times proved himself to be a very useful customer. Ginger Price and Darby Weldon had six good rounds, the former getting a verdict which many thought should have gone to Weldon. Young Maloney, who aspires to the 6st 8lb championship, and H. Munroe fought their battle over again with the old result, viz., a win for Maloney. This was followed by an eight-round battle by Crawley and Clark. The last-named was all but settled early during the fray. He, however, hung on in wonderful fashion without, however, placing Crawley's victory in jeopardy.

* * *

The series of glove contests at the Central Baths, Smithfield, January 31, failed to prove interesting. In a twelve-round fight G. Perugia stopped C. White in the third round. Jack Donoghue and Jem Gleason fought six rounds, which resulted in favour of Donoghue. What was to have been the event of the evening was a meeting between Jack Hart and Barney Lambert. The latter was floored twice in the first round and declined to continue the fight. Hart therefore secured an easy victory.

* * *

Minus their coats and vests, William Wilson, costermonger, and James George Henbrey, beerhouse keeper, both of Hackney Wick, were fighting in the roadway at Temple Mills when 234 J appeared on the scene. He promptly took them into custody. At North London Henbrey denied the fighting, and said he had no animus against his fellow-prisoner, and no reason whatever why he should strike him. Inspector Collette informed the magistrate that he believed this was a prearranged affair. The police had information that a prize-fight was to take place, and they took measures accordingly. Mr. Lane bound Wilson over in his own recognisances of £20 to keep the peace for twelve months, and Henbrey in his own recognisances of £10 to keep the peace for six months.

* * *

Ishmael Wilson, of Nottingham, writes The Mirror of Life that "if Charley Mitchell was not a game 'un he would never have faced such a giant as James Corbett. There was a five-inch difference in height, which is greater than the difference between Bendigo and Caunt. The only man left for Corbett now is Peter Jackson, and when he meets the black he will know he has been to a fight."

* * *

Billy Plimmer, clever Birmingham bantam pugilist, now in the United States, has quit his manager Louis Waldron, who says that while he has the highest regard for Plimmer he must admit that Plimmer of late has been acting rather queerly.

"I believe he is troubled with an abnormal swelling of the head," pursued Waldron, "or he wouldn't have acted in the way he has. When I undertook to manage him I was to make all his matches and pilot all his interests throughout the country. We worked on a share-and-share-alike basis. We did pretty well until the hard times compelled us to lay off.

"Plimmer complains that I kept him idle, and did not like the idea of working one week and laying off the next; but I'm sure that is no fault of mine. Unlike other theatrical organisations we started out late in the season, and it is only natural that I couldn't secure steady engagements." Plimmer tells an entirely different tale. He claims that the managers of fighters want to appear before the public as the great man of talent and

The Fighter as only a Figurehead.

O'Rourke Handles Dixon

about as he chooses, but Plimmer will not tolerate Waldron doing likewise. He says: "I want to get on a fight at 8st 3lb if necessary and quit the show business, because there is no big money in it simply because it is overdone. Every fighter who gets a little notoriety organises a theatrical party and starts on the road."

* * *

Manager John Fleming announces a series of glove contests to occur at the National Sporting Club during February, and the programme comprises the following:—

Monday, February 12, H. Greenfield v. Sam Sorrell, 20 rounds, for £50 and a purse.

Monday, February 19, Pedlar Palmer v. Bill Mortimer, 20 rounds, for the 7st 6lb championship.

Monday, February 26, a 9st 6lb competition, open to all. Those desiring to compete should enter at once with Mr. Fleming, at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden.

* * *

Billy Ernst, of Philadelphia, and Billy Vernon, of Brooklyn, met at Ridgewood Park Casino, Brooklyn, U.S.A., January 29, to engage in a glove contest. About 1,500 people were present, and just as the match was about to take place the police suddenly made a raid on the premises. There was an excited rush to the doors, and in the eagerness of those present to escape from the building many of the windows were smashed and much of the furniture was wrecked. A number of the spectators were seriously injured. No arrests were made.

* * *

John T. Norris, the one-legged private detective of Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., who has pursued Charley Mitchell with threats of arrest, is in trouble himself at Peru, Indiana. The grand jury has found forty-five indictments against him on various charges of criminality.

* * *

Mr. Justice Kennedy, in charging the grand jury at Chester Assizes, referred to an indictment against four men named Carrol, Brannon, Leek, and Nolan, of aiding and abetting Samuel Smith in killing Patrick Fahey. Fahey and Smith fought for a small money stake, and shortly after the fight Fahey died. As a matter of law, those who aided and abetted in a prize fight which ended in death were responsible with the person who actually struck the blow. Smith was indicted at the last assizes at Chester and acquitted.

* * *

Arthur Valentine and Barney Hyams are to box the best of twelve rounds for a purse the latter part of February, at the Raglan Music Hall, London.

* * *

Jack Plimmer, brother of Billy Plimmer, famous 8st 2lb pugilist, sailed from Liverpool for New York, February 3. On his arrival in America he will be prepared to take on anyone at 6st 10lb. He is a sturdy little fellow, with a fairly good knowledge of the "noble art," and, like his brother Bill, is as game as one would wish to send into the ring to uphold the courage of the Old Country.

* * *

Dick Burge, popular light-weight pugilist, will be tendered a benefit at the Assembly Rooms, New Briggate, Leeds, March 1, 2, and 3. The events to occur are as follows:—£20 given for eight men at 9st, not exceeding 9st 2lb; £15 given for eight men at 8st, not exceeding 8st 2lb; £15 given for eight men at 7st, not exceeding 7st 2lb; entrance for each class 5s., which will be returned to all competitors, along with return railway fare. Entries close February 14, to Mr. George Drake, *Sporting Chronicle* Office, Leeds. No entry received without the fee, which will be returned to all men not accepted. All competitors must weigh in on March 1, not later than six o'clock. Anyone over the stipulated weight will not be allowed to box, and will forfeit the entrance fee.

* * *

Old Bendoff, well known some years back in the pugilistic world, died recently in London, and was buried Feb. 2 at West Ham Cemetery. The deceased, who was in his 66th year, was an uncle of Woolf Bendoff, who fought J. R. Couper for £4,500 and the championship of South Africa. Five years ago old Bendoff fought unsuccessfully in the veterans' boxing competition at the Agricultural Hall, Islington.

* * *

According to a New York telegram Mr. "Pony" Moore, the father-in-law of Mitchell, the pugilist, was arrested on Feb. 1 for knocking down the conductor of a Broadway tramcar. He was taken to the police-station, where the charge was entered against him, and he was afterwards admitted to bail. On his behalf it is claimed that the conductor first assaulted him, and he simply defended himself. On appearing in Court the following morning the conductor said Moore used indecent language in a loud tone while the vehicle was filled with ladies, and that when he (the conductor) remonstrated he assaulted him. Moore was committed for trial.

SHE SAVED HIS LIFE.

"There are more pleasant occupations than travelling in the mountains," said George N. Lattimer. "I have had all I want of it, and someone else can take my share. I was in eastern Kentucky buying timber lands for the Chicago concern with which I am still connected. It is not so difficult to buy land as it is to get possession of it after it is bought—purchase a large tract of land, pay for it, and then have the natives refuse to leave without a war.

"I had been trying to induce a lot of people who had sold their lands to us to give us peaceable possession and they had objected so strenuously, using rifles and pistols to convince me that I was wrong, that I retreated to Pineville, hoping to persuade the Sheriff to go and see the men and try to get them to give up the lands upon an abstract proposition of right and wrong rather than a concrete proposition of lead. Night overtook me when I was about seven miles from Pineville, and I called at a log cabin and asked if I could stay all night.

"The mountaineer was a little surly, but told me that I could have lodging. The only occupants of the place were my host and his daughter, a girl about sixteen years of age. After supper, during which I made friends with the girl, but failed to create a favourable impression upon her father, I climbed up a ladder to the loft and went to bed. Soon after I retired I heard the voices of several men, and from their tones I could tell they were very much in earnest about something. I tried to hear, but could not catch a word, so fell asleep.

"In the middle of the night I was awakened by someone shaking me. It was the girl, and, as I opened my eyes, she pointed to the ladder and said: 'Stranger, it air seven miles straight road to Pineville. Yore critter be saddled and tied to a tree out thar.' Then she disappeared, and I lost no time in making my escape. I never learned anything further about the cause for the warning, but I know that it was a life-and-death affair."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Miss Aby See: "Boys, give the feminine term for one who washes clothes."

The Boys: "Laundress!"

Miss Aby See: "The masculine term?" (Pause.)

One boy: "Chinaman!"

* * *

President of Insurance Company: "I am afraid our advertising man is no good. He sent a shipment of blotters to Philadelphia."

Secretary: "What of that?"

President: "They don't use blotters there; they wait for the ink to dry."

* * *

Sententious Old Lady: "And what part do you play in the great drama of life?"

Ragsley: "Walkin' gentleman."

* * *

S. S. Teacher: "Every day will be Sunday in heaven."

Bobby Briggs: "Golly! What bully times dad will have fishin'!"

* * *

The talk had drifted to mental phenomena, when suddenly the maiden shyly asked:

"Are you a—a mind reader, Horace?"

"I am, Susie," he said.

"So am I."

And she held out her finger for the ring. She had seen its bulging outlines in his vest pocket.

* * *

He: "Reggy Fitzjames has become recklessly engaged to any number of girls, but he always gets out of it."

She: "With decency?"

He: "Oh, yes. He merely has to go and ask their fathers' consent, and it's all over."

* * *

"Oh, papa, you are too good; this diamond belt is a poem!"

"Belt? Why, my dear girl, I bought that for a necklace."

"You dear old soul! How did you ever expect me to get that little thing around my neck?"

* * *

Sellem Ifucahn: "You say he is lucky at poker, eh?"

Arizona Abe: "Lucky? Why, pardner, he held five aces once and only got shot in the leg."

* * *

Mrs. Catchall: "What do you think you can make out of Miss Nextdoor's voice?"

Professor of Music: "A sovereign a lesson."

* * *

"It's deucedly hahd to undahstand, don't you know," said Willie Wibbles; "in ohdah foh a felah's clothes to fit him this season they have to look as if they had been made foh somebody else, don't you know."

* * *

Wife: "To-morrow is your birthday, darling, and I am going to stop at the jeweller's and buy you a present."

Her Hubby: "Get something cheap, pet; I haven't paid him for my last birthday present yet."

* * *

She: "You abominable man! No flowers, no reception, barely a pleasant word—and I have been away eight weeks?"

He: "You are right. I am, indeed, an ungrateful wretch."

* * *

What's the latest thing out? A house-owner says: "The hired girls' lamp."

* * *

Stranger: "Who owns this store?"

Office Boy: "The boss says I do, but I don't."

* * *

Cholly (as he is about to leave after his rejection): "Come, Miss Summer, help me on with my overcoat. Since you cannot be my wife, you may at least be assister to me."

* * *

"Poor Jack, he never could spell, and it ruined him."

"How?"

"He wrote a verse to an heiress he was in love with, and he wrote bony for bonny."

* * *

Police Magistrate: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness: "Never, your honour; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."

* * *

Mr. Huggins: "Is Miss Fosdick still president of your Society for the Suppression of Slang, Miss Skidds?"

Miss Skidds: "No; she got too fresh, and we turned her down."

* * *

He: "How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow?"

Miss Barrow: "Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bowwow."

* * *

"Your coat is inside out," remarked the Absolute Idiot.

"Thank you," rejoined the Towering Genius, as he hastily rectified the error.

"Don't speak of it," said the Idiot, "I am troubled with absence of mind myself."

THE SCHEME WORKED.

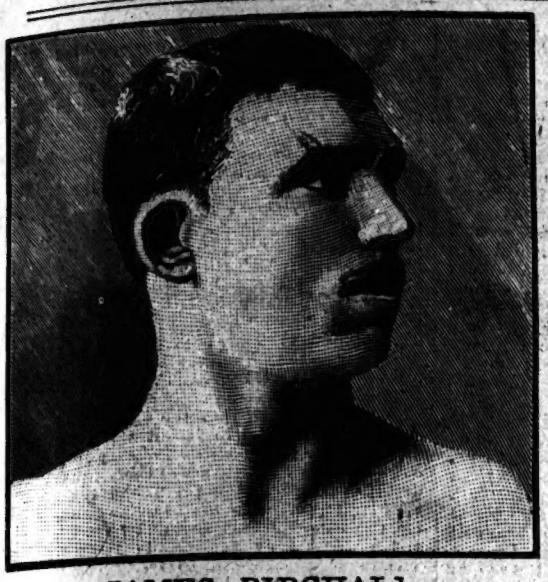
It took the Old Man's Dodge to Cut it Short.

BILLY SMITH, OF BOSTON.

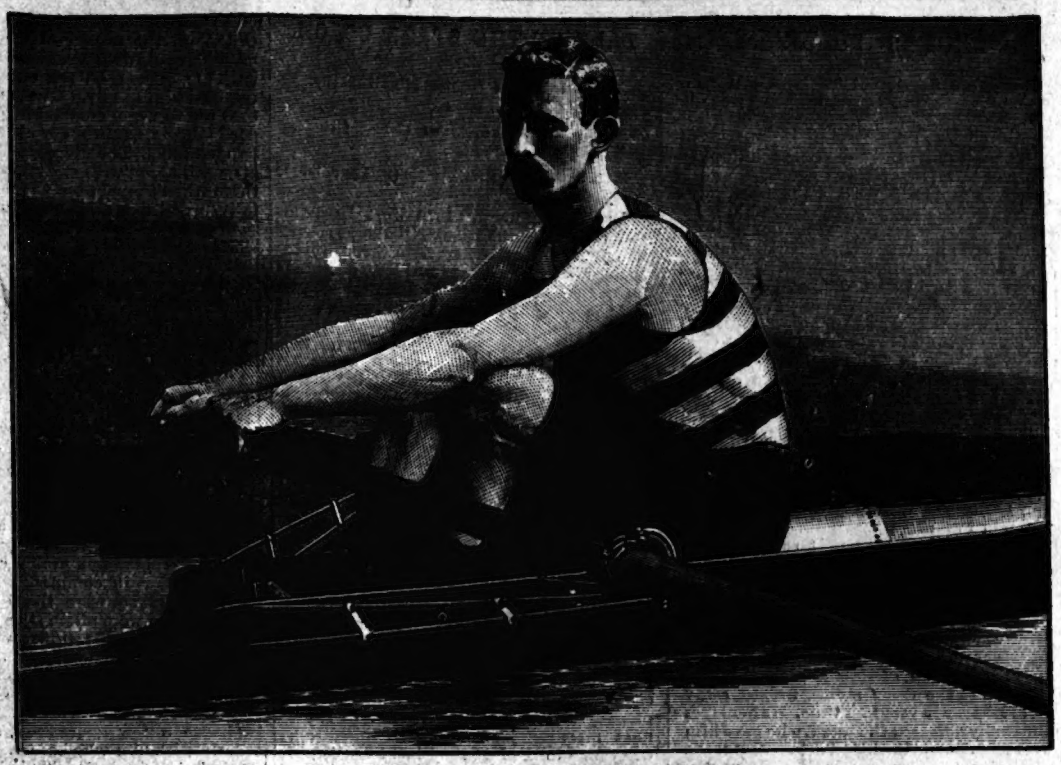
Clever 10st. Pugilist, Champion of America.

"COME, BIRDIE, KISS YOUR BABY."

An Onerous Union Prevented by a Timely Discovery.



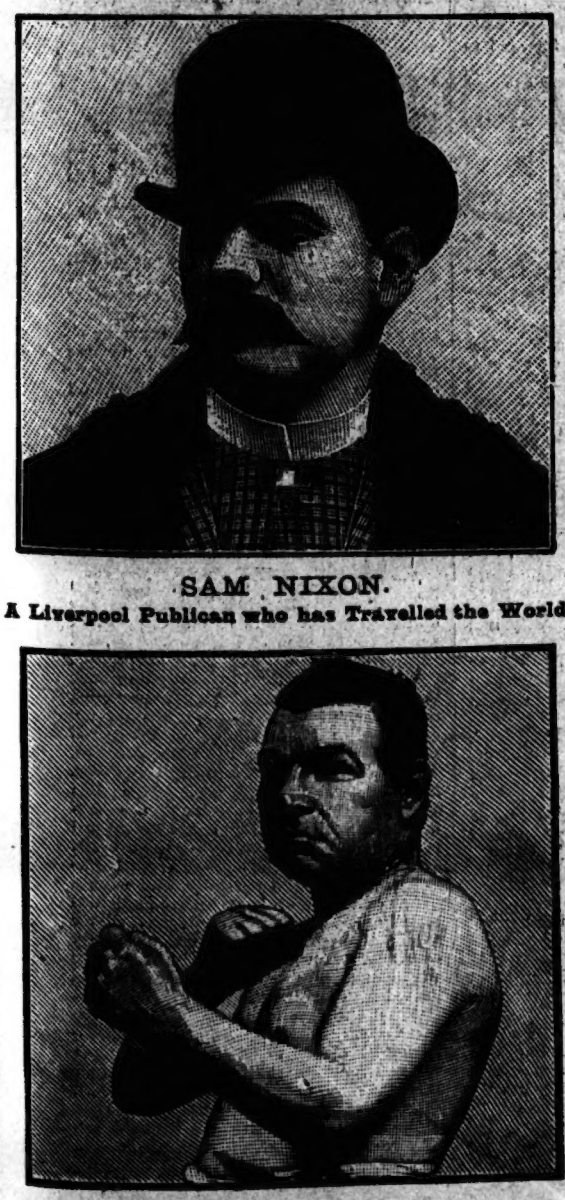
JAMES BIRCHALL.
Clever Pugilist, who Managed the Ormonde Club, at Manchester.



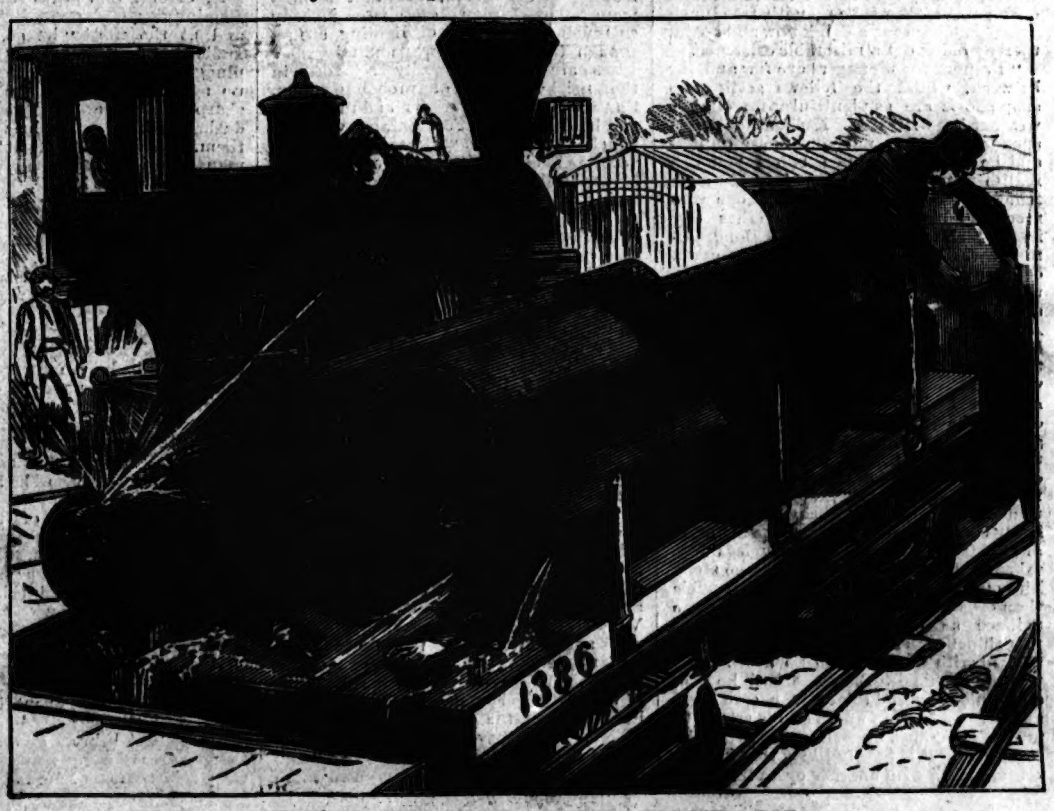
THOMAS SULLIVAN.
Champion Sculler of England and New Zealand.

WILLIAM HAINES.
Clever Oarsman, who Challenges G. Bubear.

DEAD HORSE ADVERTISING.
A Boy's Burlesque of Advertising in America.



SAM NIXON.
A Liverpool Publican who has Travelled the World



THEY TURNED THE HOSE ON.
Tramps treated to Cold Water for Stealing a Ride.

WILLIAM BROMLEY.
"Ruff" of Nottingham.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

Champion Sculler of England and New Zealand.

(With Portrait.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN, who holds the championship of New Zealand and England, and is open to meet any man in the world, was born at Auckland, N.Z., September 18, 1869. He is a handsome, muscular, well-mannered and unassuming young fellow. He stands 6ft. 1in. in height, weighs (in first-class form) 11st 8lb, and measures 42in. round the chest. His first race in public was in 1881, when he was thirteen years of age and the trophy he then won, a silver watch, he still numbers among his proudest possessions. When old enough he joined one of the senior rowing clubs, and as a member of different crews, seniors and juniors, in whaleboats and outriggers, assisted to win numerous events. He beat McKay for the amateur championship of New Zealand, and, acting under the advice of the well-known Captain Falkner, worked diligently to perfect himself in wager boat sculling. He first appeared in Sydney on the Nepean on April 4, 1891, when he met George Bubear for £100 a-side, but being seized with cramps in the stomach, collapsed after leading the Englishman at a fast pace for two miles. On May 11 he easily beat Stephenson of New Zealand, and on the 30th of the same month walked away from Bubear in very fast time. He next met and easily defeated C. Dutch, who gave him five seconds start in a match for £400 over the championship course, when he put up the record time of 18min 45sec, the next best being 19min 53⅘sec. The result showed that, so far from requiring a start from Dutch, he could have given him ten lengths and a jolly good whipping. His last match in Australia was with Tim Stansbury for £200 a side and the championship of the world, when he was beaten after one of the best races ever seen on the historic Parramatta. About ten months ago, without any fuss or ceremony, he quietly came to England, and after difficulties, not the least of which was that of finding backers, succeeded in getting on the match with George Bubear, which he won so easily on Monday, September 25, 1893. Bubear was favourite in the betting, but the Australian took the start at the jump, and led from post to finish, winning by five lengths, with a lot in hand, in 22min 30secs. The record for the distance is 22min 2sec, by Neil Matterson, of Sydney, Australia. Sullivan has settled down in London, and is prepared to meet any oarsman in the world.

THE "GHOST" DIDN'T WALK.

Chorus Girls Shake Down the Manager for Unpaid Salaries.

(With Illustration.)

THE hard times of this season have brought many a theatrical troupe to grief, members taking to counting railway ties toward the larger cities in hopes of joining some other venture about to take the road. The show business in the Colonies has been extremely bad for small combinations and opera troupes, and, though new bands of performers are continually branching out in search of fame and money, it is safe to say that two-thirds of them come to grief. When a company goes bankrupt the troupe generally start stretching their legs toward the big city where, if they cannot get an immediate engagement, they take up with free lunch routes and bum for a drink now and again, thereby eking out a miserable existence.

"Responsible managers are few and far between, whilst the fellows getting up snap shows are as plentiful as fleas in hot weather," writes a Melbourne correspondent; "you put your finger on him and he is out of range before you can realise it. We have a lot of such fellows hereabouts, but there is one who received his 'gruel' the other day in a fashion which he will long remember. He organised a comic opera company, and made a start toward the goldfields with plenty of confidence and very little money at his command. At Geelong prospects were anything but brilliant, though with a stout heart the troupe journeyed to Ballarat. The receipts were insufficient to pay expenses, and the manager had the properties removed at once to the railway station. The chorus girls smelt a rat, and instead of going to the hotel they sought out the manager, catching him at the ticket office booking for Melbourne. They grasped the situation at a glance, and their demands not being complied with, grabbed the manager and toppled him over. His two legs were taken hold of by the fair maidens who stood him on his head in a manner more forcible than elegant, whilst the music stands were utilized as implements to administer punishment. The station-master remonstrated with them, but to no avail. The victim parted with the spare cash he had, and could only find solace in a sore head and bruised body to nurse on his return to town. He makes himself scarce about the resorts, and it is hardly likely that he will venture forth with another opera troupe."

TALE OF THE STAGE COACH.

Indian Times in the Black Hills.

Detained by Floods at Horse Creek.

Bride and Groom on their Travels.

IN the summer of 1876 Fort Laramie was the end of the Black Hills stage route, which began at Cheyenne. A through-line to Custer and Deadwood had been operated for a short time, but there had been a considerable period of idleness in this branch of the transportation service, owing to a growing capacity among the Sioux for the informal acquirement of white men's horses and scalp locks. Several drivers—among them the superintendent of the line—had been shot, and a large number of fine horses, which, at that time and in that territory, commanded high prices, had been run off. The stage people felt disheartened, and wayfarers who wanted to go into the Black Hills had to join bull trains or make up caravans of their own.

But as the summer wore on and the tide of adventurers bound for the placer mines grew larger, Luke Voorhees, the active manager of the company, concluded to set things going again. A stage-load of passengers were ready to start the first morning, and Voorhees himself went along as far as Fort Laramie to see the expedition off. They bowled into the last-named place just before dark and out of it the next morning just before dawn. From Cheyenne to the fort they had travelled in a fine, thorough-braced Concord coach, drawn by four-horse teams, changed at brief intervals. From that point onward they had no relay stations before them, but eight or ten days of hard travel, camping out at night. Much of the road lay through the Indian country, and at one point in the Horse Creek section they must cross the trail traversed by the "friendly" Indians, who were all the time joining and returning from the embattled legions of Sitting Bull. Only the day before at this point General Merritt had "turned back" a great throng of warriors who were pressing northward to the fray. Most of the passengers—there were eight all told—had rifles, and everybody wore one or more revolvers. The outfit included a time-worn, canvas-covered stage. The other vehicle was a common freight waggon, which carried the stores, freight, and most of the baggage. Each equipage was completed by four large, tough horses. The driver, who had been occupied in the same capacity elsewhere, looked the procession over and said that if it was all the same to everybody, he would tackle the freight waggon. He "allowed" the lighter passenger coach wouldn't shake up the bones of old Van Zant, who, as an experienced campaigner, had been placed in charged of the expedition by Voorhees. A few days later, when old Van—whiskers, tobacco juice, profanity, and all—sailed parabolically from the "jerky," and the "jerky" ran vehemently over him, cracking some of his ribs, the regular driver was very sorry indeed, and winked thoughtfully.

There was alkali in that country, and there was also a driving rain which turned the dry dust into a gummy, sticky mass that clung to the wheels until the passengers had to pry it off in huge slabs. The passengers tried to lighten the horses' task by walking, but the mud stuck to their feet till they were fairly anchored. After fifteen miles the rain came up, and finally they had to camp out on the bluff overlooking Horse Creek, not half a mile from the Indian crossing. Nobody so much as thought of lighting a fire, though the night was wet and miserable. Fires are not favourably regarded in the neighbourhood of prowling Sioux. So they munched crackers and raw ham, and heated up with Fort Laramie whiskey, which, as one of the party said, "feels like you was hauling a tomcat across a carpet by the tail." The horses were picketed and the men were divided up into watches, through the night. Once there was a splashing in the creek as if a thousand red men on horseback had suddenly plunged into the tide and were swimming over to investigate. There were no remarks, but there was a clicking of rifle locks, and for an hour or more they strained their eyes and ears, waiting for the slaughter. It did not arrive, and in the morning they discovered that the swollen stream had washed out a large section of the clay bluff, which had fallen into the water. The next night but one the cavaleade halted upon the band of a roaring stream fully 50yds wide. Ordinarily this was a mere thread of water not higher than one's ankles. But the storm had in a few hours raised it to a rushing torrent. On the other side there was a log house, and in response to their shouts several men came out and said the river was still rising and advised crossing at once. Old Van cracked his whip, shouted "Git ap," and started. In two seconds his leaders were off their feet, rearing and plunging in the tremendous current. Three of the party dashed in, cut the traces and lines, and led the panic-stricken animals ashore. Then they hitched the rest of the horses to the rear axle of the "jerky," and hauled it out upon the bank. And there on the bank it remained for four days. Old Van, the ardour of whose profanity nothing could dampen, swam over on horseback to the men on the other side. They received him kindly. The men who kept that ranch were entertaining persons and good fellows, as they say of generous open-handed folks. The place was at the visitors' disposal, along with everything in it. True, there wasn't much, but the spirit of hospitality was there, and such conditions under such circumstances command one's regard. The establishment was painfully deficient in whiskey, and the party had none either. There was a small military camp a few miles further on, at the mouth of Red Canon, but the ranchman said the officer in command could not be induced to part with any of his liquor. One said he thought he could get a little, and the ranchmen said they thought he couldn't.

Before leaving Cheyenne one of the party secured a batch of newspapers, and had brought them along to distribute among the print-hungry people along the road. Take a man away from civilisation for a time, and he will more highly prize a recent newspaper than he would a substantial meal. Taking a bundle of papers he rode over to the camp and presented the papers to the Major in command. He was delighted, and so were the other officers. Presently we were all in the doctor's tent sipping toddy. The liquor was good, and the visitor ventured to say so. The doctor declared that he must take some of it back with him after dinner—he really must. And when he reined up in front of the old log house a few hours later, there was an orderly with him who bore a demijohn of as good old rye as often finds its way down an appreciative throat.

That night they sat long by the crackling fire, and told stories of the frontier. Those four ranchers had been for years on the outside edge of civilisation, and had seen about all there was to see in that direction. They sometimes had to "stand off" the Indians right here. Coming in only a few months before, they had been in a lively little tilt with a party of warriors. They were travelling with a wagon train, and were in the heart of the Sioux country. Everybody had been cautioned to keep close and take no chances, for, under these circumstances, the wayfarer who wanders far from his associates is likely to fall into a condition where hair tonics will avail him nothing. But no Indians were seen, and one day a German traveller shouldered his rifle and set out in advance of the caravan to "git me some andelopes yet alretty." An hour or two later this unwary German, who was just climbing a hill a mile or so ahead, was observed to stumble, pick himself up, fire his rifle, and stumble again. An instant later two or three sharp reports told that he was not doing all the shooting, by any means.

The four ranchers dashed forward to the rescue of their incautious companion, leaving word for the entire party to come along as rapidly as was consistent with caution. When they arrived at the German's side they found him at the very top of the hill, lying on his belly, in great agony, but still shooting as often as he could get the chance. Every now and then a bullet would hit the ground close at hand, sending up a little cloud of dirt. Riding to and fro, yet some distance off, and slowly working up the hill, were four or five Indians, waving their blankets, shooting and yelling as only Indians can yell when the scent of Caucasian blood is on the air. The experienced plainsmen, who had crept up unseen, took careful aim with their long-range Remingtons, each one selecting his target, and at the word "let go," three of the Indians tumbled over, and one pony plunged forward on his knees never to get up again. After that the shooting was sharp and fast, and the remaining braves dashed off, leaving their dead behind them. The unfortunate but reckless German died in the course of an hour, and was buried where he fell. The next waggon train that came along found his body lying across the road with the scalped head cut off, and standing, ghastly and horrible, upon his chest.

On the afternoon of the last day but one of the detention at the ranch, a waggon owned by the stage company and bringing two passengers pulled up at the door. The vehicle was just from Deadwood, whither it had been sent on a sort of reconnoitring tour under the direction of a man named Gray, a sort of rough-and-ready person who cherished a deadly and voluble animosity towards the late Lindley Murray. The two passengers were a miner, who had cleaned up a small fortune in the placers, and a youngish woman of the type one finds in the mining-camp dance-houses. The miner, possibly actuated by one of the strange freaks of sudden and tumultuous opulence, had married this girl and was going to take her East with him and "make a lady of her." As for her, she seemed rather surprised by the situation in which she found herself. She spent hours in silence, thinking it all over, and apparently a good deal troubled about it—apparently also forming a serious determination to leave the past behind her. The day after this new party came in upon us the man Gray took occasion to indulge himself in a playful gallantry in which illiteracy and obscenity wrestled, each against appalling odds, for the supremacy. The woman looked impressively down at the ground.

"Mr. Gray," said she, "I'm tryin' to get away from the life where such talk goes."

"Well, I'll be damned," blurted Gray, astonished. "Then why don't you git thar?"

"I'm tryin'," she resumed, with just a touch of stolid pathos in her voice, "and if folks will take me for what I am, and not keep remindin' me of what I was, maybe I'll pull through."

Gray gave her a look like that of a man who isn't quite sure of what he is playing against, and walked away. Later on he gazed on the couple and muttered:

"Well, that does beat hell!"

Then he went to sleep.

Next day, finding that the stream had sufficiently subsided to permit the party to cross, they pulled up stakes and struck out for the north through Red Canon, that deadly passage-way between the rocks where many a white man—and woman, too, for that—has been shot and tortured, and mutilated by the hostile Indians. The ranchers who had so freely entertained the party would not hear of such a thing as compensation, and they seemed really sorry to see them go away. They wrung hands at parting, and long after they had started on their way you could see them waving their sombreros after the party. Several weeks later, as one of the party was riding out of that country alone, he stopped to have a drink and take dinner with friends, the officers stationed at the mouth of the canon.

Coffee and cigars disposed of, he said he thought he would lope along as far as the ranch, and stay there overnight.

"You'll find it rather lonesome," said the Major, emitting a puff of smoke through his pursed lips.

"How's that? Nobody there?"

"Not a soul."

"Why?" I asked, looking about from one face to another, and noting on each of them a curious, half-amused expression.

"What has become of those ranchmen?"

"Dead, that's all—just dead."

"Dead? What a devil of a shame. Such good fellows, too. Indians did it, I suppose."

"No, it was the Sheriff. Those dear, good fellows were horse-thieves."

THEY EXISTED ON LOVE.

"THE strangest test of will power and endurance ever made," said E. D. Gonsauls, of the City of Mexico, "was in Mexico, the characters participating being a Mexican girl and an American man. They were lovers, and the girl's parents refused their consent to any union, insisting that she should marry a wealthy Mexican suitor. At the suggestion of the girl they agreed to die together, and to test the strength and endurance of each other's love they chose a means of suicide unlike any ever dreamed of before. Food and fruit were placed on a table in the centre of a room occupied by both; the girl having escaped from her home, but being unwilling to elope with her lover. It was agreed that they should starve to death with plenty before them, and should either succumb to nature and partake of the food, then both were released from the bond of death, but there should be an everlasting separation. For twelve days they endured the pangs of hunger without a murmur or a thought of wavering from their purpose to die together. The twelfth day the father of the girl discovered her whereabouts, and breaking the door, they were carried out, too faint to stand alone. It took them several days to recover their strength, and when they did they were married. This is a true statement, and the American is living with his Mexican wife to-day."

SHE BILKED THE CABBY.

"THANK you, Mr. Cabman, thank you kindly," said Miss Mary Beale, as she descended from the vehicle at the door of the City of London Union Workhouse, and gathered together her various parcels, "you needn't wait; I'm not going back to-night." "But my fare, ma'am?" cried the driver, "I want half-a-crown for my fare." Miss Beale smiled as she pulled the door bell, and replied, "Oh, dear me, yes, of course; but you know I'm a pauper. Here, porter, just take my luggage; I've come to stay," and she handed the door-keeper a variety of bundles, and tripped into the institution. Whether the cabman ever was paid remains a mystery. Inside the workhouse the old lady, who wore a bunch of violets on her breast, complained bitterly because her parcels, particularly a box of sardines, were not promptly returned, and positively declined to take the regulation bath unless the attendants heated it to a point the Local Government Board declined to recognise. Indeed, she became very abusive, and used language unworthy of anybody supported by the rates of the greatest city in the world. For this she was brought before Mr. Lane, Q.C., who sentenced her to seven days in gaol. She went there in a carriage the driver of which demands no fares for the journey.

SEEN AND HEARD.

Sir Edward Poore, of Wiltshire, the third baronet of his line, has just died at Fremantle, Western Australia, after a chequered colonial career of twenty-two years. Originally an ensign in the Scots Fusiliers, he is understood to have deserted his wife and children, and to have cleared out for Australia with a lady who had completely fascinated him.

In Australia Sir Edward Poore sank his ornamental prefix and took to business as an ordinary individual, first as a contractor and afterwards as a hotel-keeper in Sydney and Melbourne. The recent gold discoveries in Western Australia impelled him to try his luck in that colony, and fortune smiled upon him to the extent of revealing a very promising reef. He was about to set to work on extracting the gold from this reef, when sudden death from heart disease brought his career to a close.

* * *

A lawyer named Molinari, an Anarchist, who was arrested on a charge of associating with criminals, and inciting to civil war, was at Massa, Jan. 31, sentenced by the Military Tribunal to twenty-three years' imprisonment, the first three to be passed in solitary confinement. In addition, the Court ordered the prisoner's effects to be confiscated, and that he should pay the costs of the trial.

* * *

The death is announced of the well-known Kent cricketer, Tom Adams, at Gravesend, at the advanced age of eighty-five. Adams played for Kent in the time of such prominent performers as Fuller Pilch, Alfred Mynn, Felix, Hillyer, and Wenman.

* * *

Thomas Tyrer, said to be a publican, was remanded at Liverpool charged with having attempted to shoot Bella Morrison. Prosecutrix, a stylishly-dressed young woman, said she met prisoner in the street, and because she would not go home with him he drew a revolver and fired, but missed her. A draft for £400 and £75 were found upon prisoner, who said he was going to South Africa, and had purchased the revolver to take with him.

* * *

Mr. Jim Birchall states that at a committee meeting held on the 30th ult. it was decided to wind up the affairs of the Ormonde Gymnastic Club, Manchester, and to offer all their property for sale.

* * *

Francis M. Conville, alias "Professor" Hamilton, was at Liverpool February 1 committed to the assizes charged with obtaining £52 from John Gardner by pretending that he was a medical man and selling him medicine and a so-called electric belt. Evidence was given that the belt was of no value whatever, and that prisoner has had no knowledge of either medicine or surgery. Prisoner was admitted to bail.

* * *

At Nottingham February 1 George Edward Harris and Robert Wood Kyle pleaded guilty to appropriating £1,500, the property of Lloyds bank at Nottingham, where they were clerks. They were sentenced to nine months' hard labour.

* * *

Amidst the public excitement caused by the famous trial of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant for publishing "The Fruits of Philosophy," the Malthusian League was called into existence, and has since carried forward the work of teaching the people that they have no *moral* right to bring into the world children they are unable to provide for. Their efforts have been crowned with a larger amount of success than could have been anticipated by the most sanguine. When the League was formed the annual birth rate in England was thirty-six per thousand of the population. It has since been reduced each year, and to-day is under thirty per thousand. No other social movement has made such progress in so short a time—scarcely seventeen years. Persons desirous of making themselves acquainted with the aims and objects of the League should write, enclosing eight penny stamps, to the Secretary, W. H. Reynolds, New Cross, who will forward them a copy of the "Malthusian Hand Book" and a list of other publications.

William Quarterman and his wife Jane were brought before Lord Coleridge at Berks Assizes, January 31, in reply to the charge of having, during the months of November and December of last year, at West Challow, feloniously killed Edith Emma Quarterman, a child of the age of two years and seven months. The evidence was to the effect that the parents had brutally ill-used the child. Dr. Dalton, of Wantage, stated that on examination he found that the child was very emaciated, was covered with weals and bruises, and weighed only half the normal weight. All the organs were fairly healthy but bloodless. He attributed death to want of food. The jury found the prisoners guilty of manslaughter, and the judge, in passing sentence, said he could not conceive a more horrible offence, and in justice to the children of this country, who were unable to defend themselves from cruelty, he could not impose a lighter sentence than seven years' penal servitude for each prisoner.

HE DISPLAYED HIS GRATITUDE.

A good story about a solicitor is going the rounds. The occurrence took place so long ago that it is not within the recollection of any but the older disciples of Blackstone, so it will pass muster, even though it is a trifle ancient.

It seems that a vagabond was indicted for stealing a watch. He was arraigned and pleaded not guilty. Having no counsel and being without funds and a total stranger, the Court assigned his defence to the solicitor in question. The vagabond was as guilty as a man ever was, but as the solicitor was young in practice, and desirous of grinding off some of his wire edges against the prosecutor, he accepted the task and entered upon its discharge with all the zeal at his command. He had absolutely no defence. His client practically admitted the theft, and sat through the trial in an attitude of dejection and despair.

Nothing daunted, the young solicitor rose before the jury to sum up his case. Providence had endowed him with a tongue capable of almost anything. He had his address at his tongue's end, and the manner in which he reeled it off established his name in the community in characters as ineffaceable as the rock-ribs on Old Gibraltar. He held the "twelve men tried and true" spell-bound. They gazed at him in open-mouthed wonder. Alternately they laughed and cried, and people in the audience followed their example. He pleaded the hopeless cause of the guilty vagabond with all the eloquence of a Burke, and when he had finished the enthusiasm of the spectators seemed to know no bounds. It is said that it took the jury just eight minutes to whitewash the vagabond and provide him with wings and a halo. The verdict was for acquittal.

The vagabond—so thoroughly surprised and overcome with emotion that he could hardly speak—rose from his seat, the tears streaming down his cheeks. There was stillness in the court room. "Mister solicitor," he exclaimed brokenly, "you don't know me—an' I don't know you. I-I-want to thank you. I-I-ain't got no money, but—but—here's that watch."

BOUND TO BE COURTEOUS.

"Gentlemen, please hold up your hands and oblige me by getting out of the buggy and permitting me to search your persons," was the request made by three masked men at Elkhart, Indiana, U.S.A., recently, to Mr. L. D. Vandoran and his son William, about 7.30 o'clock, as they were riding home to supper.

Mr. Vandoran is a very obliging man, and he proceeded to get out and be searched after first being covered by three shotguns. The men secured his pocketbook, containing 236dols., and then said:

"Please get into the buggy and oblige us by moving on."

They disappeared in the woods by the roadside.

NOT A LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.

Mrs. Chugwater: "Josiah, lay down your paper a minute."

Mr. Chugwater: "Well?"

"If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"Lay your paper down just a minute and listen. If a bolt of lightning should start to travel round the globe from east to west, and another should start and travel from west to east, the way the earth revolves you know, would there be any difference in the—Josiah!"

"Well?"

"I say would there be any difference in speed? Which bolt of lightning would get around the earth first?"

(Picking up his paper again.) "Samantha, do you take me for a lightning calculator?"

A LASCIVIOUS DANCE.

Original with the Africans.

Thousands who saw the *danse du ventre* as it was performed at a dozen places in the Midway Plaisance in Chicago, last year, will be astonished to know that it was danced by Americans many years before the Orientals exhibited the movement at the Exposition—fifty years before and perhaps a century longer. The Americans who have so long been in the habit of amusing themselves and their visitors in that way are the Con-gee dancers of New Orleans—the negro women who are the 'longshore companions of the roustabouts on the Mississippi steamboats. The writer saw the dance performed there at least a year before the opening of the Chicago Exposition. The scene was a roustabouts' haunt near the heart of the city. From without it looked like an ordinary liquor saloon, and that is what the front bar-room was, but back of that was another room where the dancing went on. It was a small room, grimy with lamp smoke and heated beyond endurance by a great stove and by the crowd of men and women that was packed in there.

The dancing was incessant, and if a couple dropped out to take a drink, others were certain to take their places. The disposition of the dances was the same as that in the Virginia reel—a row of women and a row of men facing one another, but instead of dancing in turns as in the old reel, all these persons danced continually. Each man and woman who faced one another danced at each other—the men jigging and shuffling and the women doing the *danse du ventre*. The negresses were more than clever at it; they were, in some cases, monstrous. They appeared to defy not only rhythm and poetry, but nature and anatomy as well. The prize dancer, a great fat wench, managed her abdomen as if it were a great ball under the loose doublet of a clown. At sight of her performance the other women drew back discomfited, and sensitive visitors hurried from the place.

Not being comely or well attired, like the Turks and Egyptians in Chicago, these negresses might have kept on with the strange dance for another century—as they will—without becoming famous or popular. They are the worst sort of slatterns: barbarous, almost savage, given to drunkenness, and dressed in rudely fashioned gowns of calico. Yet they are the adored of the poor roustabouts who crowd whatever place they gather in, and spend in a night all that they have earned by the hardest kind of work on the trip down from St. Louis. It was not possible to discover in New Orleans how this peculiar dance was learned by the negroes, or whether they brought it from Africa in the slave ships. All that is known of it is that, like the poor, they have always had it there. Not far away, in Havana, something very like this dance has long been a prime attraction in the variety theatres. A few years ago at the Teatro Cervantes such dancing was always done by women imported from Spain. But this dance, as it is performed in Havana, is so far superior to that of the New Orleans and the midway halls as not to be named in the same breath. It is coarse and suggestive to a degree, but it is so cleverly done, so graceful, and so set off by pretty faces, costumes, music, and scenic effects as not to seem akin to the more muscular contortions of the clumsier dancers of Africa and Turkey.

THE PARLOURMAID BARRED OUT.

The young husband was somewhat surprised when his wife came into the office. She opened the conversation at once.

"I want enough money to go out of town for a few days," she said, "and you will have to take your meals down town for a few days."

"Why, what does this mean?"

"It means just this. I got a messenger boy to come to the house for Mary Ann to tell her that she was wanted at her aunt's, and as soon as she got around the corner I shut up the house and locked it and ran away. When she comes back she won't find any one there. We don't owe her anything, so it's all right, and I wanted to discharge her, but you know I never would dare to tell her to go, and I knew you wouldn't dare, and don't you think your little wife know's pretty well how to manage? Say yes, now, or I'll break down and cry right here in the office."

Fweddy: "Aw—Miss Ginevwa, could you—aw—live in a flat?"

"Miss Ginevra: "Yes, but not with one."

* * *

Chappie: "I—aw—heah that the football playah cut you out with Miss Daisy?"

Chelly (shuddering): "Cut me out! He threw me out!"

* * *

"Yes, she's dead; but she died happy and under the happiest circumstances."

"Indeed! How did she die?"

"She was crushed to death at a bargain counter."

SHE WAS A FIGHTER FROM ENGLAND.

In the old days when Owney Geoghegan was known as the wickedest man in New York and kept a saloon on the Bowery with a 24-foot ring in the rear, says our American correspondent, among the people he brought over to entertain his guests was Tom Lane, an English pugilist, and "Big Tess," Tom's wife. Lane taught his wife to box, and gave exhibitions with her. He died five or six years ago, and big Tess disappeared from the Bowery except that at intervals of three or four months, or perhaps not so often, she reappears in her old haunts. This happens only when she has a fit of drinking. She appears always in good clothing and with money in her pocket, and stays until the money is gone. During that time she is a terror to the regulars from Steve Brodie's to Chatham Square.

She was on the Bowery the other day, and at about three o'clock wandered down to Park Row and into the Boss Tweed restaurant for lunch.

"Steak and fried potatoes," she ordered.

She ate what was brought to her and got a check for 20 cents.

"What's that for?" she asked. "Me check is 15 cents."

The waiter replied that he had given her a sirloin.

"I don't mind the 5 cents," Big Tess declared, "but I won't be swindled."

"Get up," shouted the waiter, catching her by the back of the neck.

One, two, three! She caught him right and left and knocked him out on the sidewalk and followed him up. A crowd gathered. The waiter tried to get back into the restaurant, but the crowd kept him in the ring. Big Tess gave him a knock-down blow behind the ear and he rolled into the gutter.

A philanthropic, well-dressed, elderly man pushed through and remonstrated with Tess. She let up on the waiter and he escaped into the Boss Tweed, with both his eyes in mourning.

"I guess I give 'im a Tom Lane dose," said Big Tess, and sailed away for the Bowery, without bothering to settle even the 15 cent check.

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